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HUTCHINGS'  
TOURIST AGENCY  
FOR THE  
YO SEMITE VALLEY  
AND  
THE BIG TREE GROVES

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AT A. ROMAN & CO'S, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,  
No. 11 MONTGOMERY STREET, LICK HOUSE BLOCK,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

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Organized and Conducted by  
J. M. HUTCHINGS,  
*Twenty-two Years Associated with the Yo Semite Valley.*

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The experience and observation acquired by so long a relationship with the Yo Semite Valley, and an actual residence there of nearly twelve years, have forcibly suggested the imperative necessity of some improved and well-organized system of tourist travel to such remarkable places; so that the trip could be made pleasantly, intelligently, economically, and to the best possible advantage. In the earnest hope and endeavor of accomplishing so desirable an end, Mr. J. M. Hutch-

ings will devote his whole personal attention toward its realization.

He proposes to convey tourists to the Yo Semite Valley, by way of the Big Tree Grove—either by public conveyance, or by private carriage, and return them to San Francisco, or to the railroad station desired. He will book them in only, or, out only, or, both in and out, —by the same, or by different routes; at as reasonable rates as any one; and thoroughly supervise everything that could contribute to the convenience, or add to the comfort of his patrons. And when desired, he will, by contract, for a given sum—that shall be reasonable—convey tourists from San Francisco, (or the nearest railway station,) to Yo Semite Valley and the Big Tree Groves, and back again by any route desired, and agreed upon, by stage, or by private conveyance; pay all railway and stage fares, horse-hire, hotel bills, guides and tolls; thus obviating all doubt or uncertainty as to the cost of the trip, while relieving it of personal care, and securing the best of everything attainable.

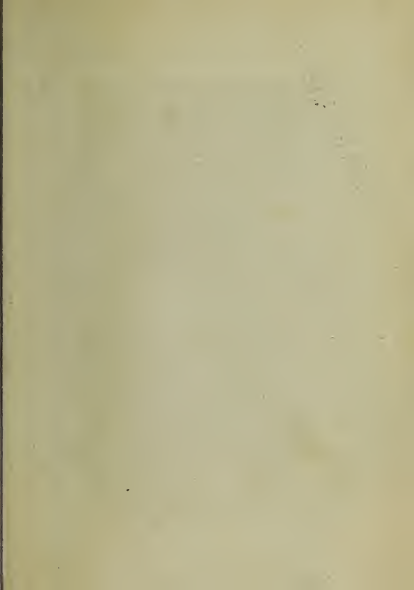
At the proper season *camping parties* will be organized for visiting the sublime scenes on the rim of the great valley, and the comparatively untrodden solitudes of the High Sierra; when complete camping outfits—including saddle, and pack animals—and experienced guides, etc., will accompany each party. Early application—not necessary to the considered final—should be made at an early day. Maps of country, routes, etc., can be consulted at the office.

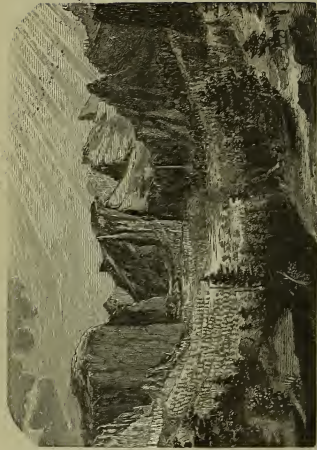
In the hope that his experience may be of service to his friends, tourists, and the traveling public, he respectfully invites the attention of all, assuring them that whether they should elect to give him their patronage or not, any and every kind of information concerning the Valley, Big Trees, High Sierra, Routes, etc., will be most cheerfully given.

J. M. HUTCHINGS,

No. 11 Montgomery Street,  
Lick House Block,  
San Francisco, Cal.







GENERAL VIEW OF YOSEMITE VALLEY, FROM ARTIST POINT.

HUTCHINGS'  
TOURIST'S GUIDE  
TO THE  
YO SEMITE VALLEY  
AND  
THE BIG TREE GROVES  
FOR THE  
SPRING AND SUMMER  
OF  
1877.

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SILLE

P.R.R.  
Folsom  
S.V.R.R.  
MENDOTO

E

STOCKTON

Lathrop

San Joaquin River

prings

Donner Lake  
Summit o Truckee

Tahoe City o

Warm Springs

Tahoe  
Lake Tahoe

Glenbrook  
House

HUTCHINGS'  
OUTLINE MAP  
OF  
Tourist Travel  
TO THE  
YO-SEMITE VALLEY,  
BIG TREE GROVES, ETC.,  
CALIFORNIA.



Calaveras Big Trees



South Grove

Murphy's o

Senora

Milton

Peters

Chinese Camp  
Big Oak Flat

Oakdale

Tuolumne Big  
Trees

Gentry's Yo Semite  
Valley  
Merced Big  
Trees

Coulterville

Dudley's

Snelling's

Mariposa

Merced

Mariposa Big Tree  
Big Tree Station

VISALIA & LOS ANGELES R.R.





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## INTRODUCTORY.

"If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget:  
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep—  
Go to the woods and hills."

LONGFELLOW.

The reader knows as well as we do, that, although it may be of but little consequence in point of fact, whether a spirit of romance, the love of the grand and beautiful in scenery, the suggestions or promptings of a fascinating woman—be she friend, sweetheart or wife—the desire for change, the want of recreation, or the necessity for a restoration and recuperation of an overtaken physical or mental organization, or both—whatever may be the agent that first gives birth to the wish for, or the love of travel; when the mind is thoroughly made up, and the committee of ways and means reports itself financially prepared to undertake the pleasurable task—in order to enjoy it with luxurious zest, we must resolve upon four things: *first*, to leave the "peck of troubles," and a few thrown in, entirely behind; *second*, to have none but good, suitable and genial-hearted companions; *third*, a sufficient supply of personal patience, good humor, forbearance and creature comforts for all emergencies; and, *fourth*, not to be in a hurry. To these, both one and all, who have ever visited the Yo Semite Valley, and the Big Tree Groves, we know will say—Amen.

As there are but few countries that possess more of the beautiful and wildly picturesque than California, it seems to us a sin to neglect to cultivate the knowledge and inspiration of it. Especially as her towering and pine-covered mountains; her wide-spread valleys, carpeted with flowers; her leaping waterfalls; her foaming cataracts; her rushing rivers; her placid lakes; her ever green and densely timbered forests; her gently rolling hills, covered with blooming shrubs, and trees, and wild flowers, give a voiceless invitation to the traveler to look upon her and admire.

Whether one sits with religious veneration at the foot of Mount Shasta, or cools himself in the refreshing shade of the natural caves and bridges, or walks beneath the giant shadows of the mammoth trees, or stands in awe looking upon the frowning and pine-covered heights of the Yo Semite Valley, he feels that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"

and that California will favorably compare, in picturesque magnificence, with any other land.

### PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS.

Before setting out to view these wonderful scenes, however, sundry very pertinent matters will have to be considered; such, for instance, as:

1st. The direction and distances to the Yo Semite Valley, and the different groves of Big Trees.

2d. The easiest, cheapest, most expeditious, and most picturesque routes to take.

3d. The best kind and probable amount of personal baggage necessary.

4th. The most desirable course to follow for securing comfort, safety, economy, and a comprehensive knowledge of all the remarkable points of interest.

For the purpose of anticipating and assisting such, let us begin with the first of these inquiries by inviting a glance at the Outline Map. This will clearly indicate that there are six

different ways by which the Yo Semite Valley can be reached, and five distinct groves of Big Trees seen within "The Yo Semite Round,"—so called. The routes are known as follows: "The Calaveras Big Tree"—"Big Oak Flat"—"Coulterville"—"Mariposa," (each of these are traveled by carriage)—"River Route," via Jenkins' Hill, and via Hite's Cove. The former embraces the Calaveras and South Park groves of Big Trees; the "Big Oak Flat" runs directly through the Tuolumne Grove; the "Coulterville" through the Merced Grove; and the "Mariposa" within about five miles, (horseback) of the Mariposa Grove. But the River Route, by either way, has no Big Trees upon it. Let us briefly describe each one separately, so that the merits of each may be clearly understood.

#### THE SIX ROUTES TO YO SEMITE :

##### **First. — Via Calaveras Big Tree Grove to Yo Semite Valley.**

By this, passengers leave the Market Street Wharf, San Francisco, at 4 P. M.; journey by C. P. R. R. to Stockton, arriving at 8:40 P. M., and remain for the night; distance, 92 miles.

At 8 A. M. enter cars at the Stockton depot for Milton, arriving at 9:35 A. M. Here take stage, or private carriage, as previously arranged, for Murphy's Camp, (lunch about noon at Gibson's), arriving at 5 P. M. Distance by rail, 30 miles; by carriage, 30—60 miles. Private carriages seldom go beyond Murphy's, but the stage continues on to the Calaveras Grove, arriving at 8:45 P. M., and of course passengers remain for the night; distance from Murphy's, 15 miles. Spend day (or longer) here until 2:30 P. M.; then take stage for Murphy's, and here stay for the night; distance 15 miles. (Persons in a hurry and wishing to reach the Yo Semite Valley from the Calaveras Groves in two days would have to leave at 9 A. M., arriving at Murphy's at 12 M., Sonora at 4 P. M., and taking the Jacksonville road direct, instead of via Chinese Camp, reach Priest's

—or Savory's, Groveland—about 8:30 P. M.) At 6:30 A. M. leave Murphy's for Sonora, (here take lunch), Chinese Camp, Priest's, or Groveland, and put up for the night; distance 39 miles. Leaving Groveland, (or Priest's) at 6 A. M., lunch at Hodgdon's at 11:30 A. M., and arrive at hotel in Yo Semite Valley at 5 P. M.; distance 45 miles. This route, remember, lies directly through the Tuolumne Grove of Big Trees. (See description elsewhere.)

**Second.—Via Milton and Chinese Camp, and Big Oak Flat, Direct to Yo Semite.**

Of course, arrive at Milton by rail, as by route "First." Take stage or carriage via Copperopolis, (here take lunch), Chinese Camp, and Priest's, or Groveland; distance 42 miles. Thence to Valley, as in route "First,"—passing directly through the Tuolumne Grove of Big Trees; distance 45 miles.

**Third.—Via Merced and Coulterville to Yo Semite.**

Leave Market-street Wharf, San Francisco, at 4 o'clock, P. M., and arrive at the El Capitan Hotel, Merced, at 10:45 P. M. Distance, 138 miles—all rail except ferry to Oakland Wharf. Take conveyance the following morning at 6 A. M. At 11:30 A. M. arrive at Lebright's Station. Rest and lunch. At 5 P. M. reach "Dudley's" and remain for the night. Distance, 48 miles. At 6:30 A. M. enter conveyance. At 7:30 A. M. arrive at "Bower Cave," (a singular but unique formation, well worthy of a visit.) At 8 A. M. start, and at 12 M. take lunch at Hazle Green, arriving at Hotel in Yo Semite at 5 P. M. Distance 46 miles. This route runs directly through the Merced Grove of Big Trees. (See description.)

**Fourth.—Via Merced and Mariposa to Yo Semite.**

Leave San Francisco and arrive at Merced, as in route "Third." At 6 A. M. take stage. At 11:30 A. M. lunch at Hornitos, pass through Mariposa, arriving at Big Tree Station about 8:30 P. M., and remain for the night. (Private con-

veyances seldom go beyond Mariposa.) Distance 72 miles. Following morning visit Mariposa Big Tree Grove—see description—distance there and back 12 miles on horseback. Take lunch at Station, and arrive at Yo Semite at 5:30 P. M.; distance, horseback, 12 miles; by stage, 27 miles—total, 39 miles.

#### **Fifth.—River Route via the Jenkins' Hill.**

Arrive at Bower Cave as in route "Third." At 8 A. M. start, and at 11:30 A. M. by stage reach the "Jenkins' Hill," overlooking the deep gorge of the Merced River, and here obtain the first glimpse of El Capitan, at Yo Semite. Take lunch in the forest. At 12:30 P. M. mount saddle horse, arriving at "Hennessy's Garden" at 5 P. M., and stay the night. Distance by stage, 18 miles; by saddle, 14; total 32 miles. At 8 A. M. leave Hennessy's and ride leisurely up the great river cañon, (almost every step through a garden of wild flowers, and still wilder scenery,) making the Cascade waterfall, (about 700 feet high) at 11 A. M. Rest and lunch; and after a gloriously picturesque ride of 8 miles arrive at hotel in Yo Semite at 5 P. M., leaving one hour for bathing or rest, before dinner; distance, 16 miles.

#### **Sixth.—River Route via Hite's Cove.**

Arrive at Mariposa, as in route "Fourth;" thence to Hite's Cove, (or nearly) by stage, and remain for the night. Distance from Mariposa 18 miles. Here take saddle horse at 7 A. M., climb the Divide, (about 1,800 feet high) and reach Hennessy's for lunch. Thence the ride is the same as in route "Fifth." Distance 22 miles.

There is an excellent trail constructed up the wild cañon of the Merced River, which, being generally below the snow line, opens the great Valley to the tourist in winter and prevents the "snow blockade" of former years. This route would be by Mariposa and Hite's Cove, or by Coulterville and Bower Cave to the Valley, and gives about 22 miles of horseback on one route, and 30 on the other.

As very many persons will doubtless wish to visit these remarkable places, and as we cannot, in this brief work describe all the various routes to these great natural marvels, from every village, town and city in the State—for they are almost as numerous and diversified as the different roads that Christians seem to take to their expected heaven, and the multitudinous creeds about the way and manner of getting there—we shall content ourselves by giving the principal ones, by and by.

#### SUMMARY OF DISTANCES BY THE DIFFERENT ROUTES :

This will indicate the starting point and general course to be taken.—Consult Map.

##### First.—Via the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees to Yo Semite :

San Francisco to Stockton and Milton, by rail.....	119 miles
Milton to Murphy's Camp, by coach.....	30 "
Murphy's Camp to Big Tree Grove, 15, back 15, by coach	30 "
Murphy's Camp to Sonora, by coach.....	16 "
Sonora to Chinese Camp, by coach.....	11 "
Chinese Camp to hotels in the Valley, by coach.....	60 "
<b>Total (rail 119 miles, coach 147).....</b>	<b>266 "</b>

##### Second.—Via Stockton and Big Oak Flat to Yo Semite :

San Francisco to Stockton, by rail.....	91 miles
Stockton to Milton, also by rail.....	28 "
Milton to Chinese Camp, by coach.....	28 "
Chinese Camp to hotels in the Valley, by coach.....	60 "
<b>Total (by rail 119 miles, by coach 88 miles).....</b>	<b>207 "</b>

##### Third.—Via Merced and Coulterville to Yo Semite :

San Francisco to Lathrop, by rail.....	82 miles
Lathrop to Merced, also by rail.....	57 "
Merced to Dudley's (mail route,) by coach.....	50 "
Dudley's to hotels in the Valley, by coach.....	42 "
<b>Total, (by rail 139 miles, coach 92 miles).....</b>	<b>231 "</b>

##### Fourth.—Via Merced and Mariposa to Yo Semite :

San Francisco to Lathrop and Merced, by rail, .....	139 miles
Merced to Mariposa, by coach,.....	46 "
Mariposa to Big Tree Station, by coach,.....	26 "
Station to Big Trees and back, horseback.....	12 "
Big Tree Station to hotels in the Valley, by coach,....	27 "

**Total (by rail 139 miles, coach and horseback 111 miles,) 250 "**



**Fifth.—Via Coulterville and River Route to Yo Semite :**

San Francisco to Lathrop and Merced, by rail.....	139 miles
Merced to Dudley's, by coach.....	50 "
Dudley's to Jenkins' Hill, by coach.....	18 "
Jenkins' Hill to Hennessy's, horseback .....	14 "
Hennessy's to hotels in the Valley, horseback.....	16 "
Total, (by rail, 139, by stage and horseback 98)	237 "

**Sixth.—Via Mariposa and River Route to Yo Semite:**

San Francisco to Lathrop and Merced, by rail.....	139 miles
Merced to Mariposa, by coach.....	46 "
Mariposa to Hite's Cove, by coach.....	18 "
Hite's Cove to Hennessy's, horseback.....	6 "
Hennessy's to hotels in the valley, horseback.....	16 "

Total, (by rail, 139, by stage and horseback, 86 miles).....225 "

**PERSONAL BAGGAGE TO BE TAKEN.**

This, you will allow, is a difficult matter for us to determine, and one that will require your generous forbearance and assistance. These questions settled, we will suppose that your good sense (no flattery is intended), will suggest at the start that all Saratoga trunks should be eschewed—even if their dimensions do not exceed those of an ordinary cottage or two. If you have one of moderate pretensions, be sure and carefully examine its contents with the view of laying aside everything that you know will not be wanted. Next, turn over your effects again, and reject everything you feel that you could conscientiously do without.

Now, if health and comfort are studied, gentlemen will see that they have one extra of each of the following articles : One pair of good serviceable boots, (not necessarily very heavy) that have been broken to the feet ; one complete outfit of under-clothing ; one woolen overshirt ; three or four pairs of hose (woolen should be preferred) ; one suit strong clothes (old ones, if not too easily torn, would be the best, as they will be good for nothing after returning) ; pocket-handkerchiefs, and a few other necessary articles. Ladies would do well by taking some of the hints thrown out to gentlemen—in providing

themselves with woolen dresses of suitable length, color and texture, made in the Bloomer or other similar style, as such would be found to possess both comfort and adaptability; a durable linen riding habit; boots that were made for wear more than for ornament; a warm shawl; and by making choice of such other articles that will suit their wants, wishes and tastes, without further enumeration from us. These should all be packed in as small a valise as possible, or in a pair of saddle-bags.

At best it will be difficult to give advice that will accord with every variety of condition and of circumstance. By way of illustration, we may mention that an estimable and intelligent lady correspondent of a San Francisco paper visited Yo Semite early in May, and finding the weather cool, advised every lady to go there warmly clad. Other ladies, later in the season, taking that advice, and finding the climate pleasantly warm, remarked, "How could Mrs H—— recommend us to come in such warm clothing? when we return we will tell all *our* lady friends to choose none but light summer dresses!"

Now, supposing we are ready, let us say :

### HO, FOR THE MOUNTAINS !

Leaving the bustle and excitement of the Market street Wharf—where men and women are hurrying to and fro, and drays, carriages, express-wagons, and horsemen dash past you with as much rapidity and earnestness as though they were the bearers of a reprieve to some condemned criminal, whose last moment of life had nearly expired, and, by its speedy delivery, thought they could save him from the scaffold—we shoot across the beautiful Bay of San Francisco, pass the tree-shaded houses of Oakland, along the fertile garden ground of Alameda county, up the picturesque Alameda cañon, over the Livermore and San Joaquin Valleys, past Lathrop, (as we are about to take route "First," as a fair representation of the others), and arrive at Stockton by the C. P. R. R. Here we have to

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\*Eastern bound passengers should have their trunks checked to Sacramento—not to Merced or Milton.

resist the temptation of a stroll around this interesting city, and enter the cars of the Stockton and Copperopolis Railroad, view the rich grain lands of the valley, and find ourselves safely at Milton. This is the end of the railroad ride, and the beginning of that by stage or carriage.

It is nearly 10 o'clock A. M., and time to be off. The most to be desired of all places on a stage is the one known as the "box-seat." This is with the coachman; for if he is intelligent and in a good humor, he can tell you of all the sights by the way, with the personal history of nearly every man and woman you may meet, the qualities and "points" of every horse upon the road, with all the adventures, jokes, and other good things he has seen and heard, during his thousand and one trips, under all kinds of circumstances, and in all sorts of weather. In short, he is a living road encyclopædia to be read and studied at intervals by the occupant of the "box-seat."

You saw that look and motion of the coachman's head? That was at once a sign of recognition and of invitation to the privileged seat at his side, as we are old acquaintances. But, as you are a stranger, and as every excursion of real pleasure—like the happiest experiences of social life—become dependent to a very great extent upon little courtesies and kindnesses that cost nothing, we wish to set a good example to the party, and to you, by foregoing selfishness, and by trying to secure that seat for *you*. No thanks are needed, as every pleasure is doubled by being shared. Now, suppose that you are the occupant of the "box seat," we will make one suggestion—invite the driver to accept one of your best cigars, and as its smoke and fragrance are rising on the air, you will gradually become better acquainted, learning his secrets on the outside, while we are talking to those within.

There is a feeling of jovial, good-humored pleasurable-ness that steals insensibly over the secluded residents of cities when all the cares of a daily routine of duties are left behind, and the novelty of fresh scenes forms new sources of enjoyment.

Especially is it so when seated comfortably in an easy going stage, with the prospect before us of witnessing one of the most wonderful sights to be found in any far-off country, either of the old or new world. Besides, in addition to our being in the reputed position of a Frenchman with his dinner, who is said to enjoy it three times—first, by anticipation ; second, in participation ; and third, upon retrospection—we have new views perpetually breaking upon our admiring sight.

On we go, now threading our way among treeless but rolling hills ; now up a graded road, where shrubs and trees add their special charm to the landscape. Here we come to one mining village, and then to another ; now passing flumes and water ditches, and all the *et cetera* of gold mining, until we arrive at Murphy's Camp. This was once an obscure, though excellent mining district, and was lifted into notoriety by its proximity to, and as the starting point for the Big Tree Grove, and consequently was the centre of considerable attraction to visitors.

Leaving the mining town of Murphy's Camp behind, we cross the "Flat," and—about half a mile from town—proceed, upon a good carriage road, up a narrow cañon, now upon this side of the stream, and now on that, as the hills proved favorable, or otherwise, for the construction of the road. If our visit is supposed to be in spring or early summer, every mountain side, even to the tops of the ridges, is covered with flowers and flowering-shrubs of great variety and beauty ; while, on either hand, groves of oaks and pines stand as shade-giving guardians of personal comfort to the dust-covered traveler on a sunny day.

As we continue our ascent for a few miles, the road becomes more undulating and gradual, and lying, for the most part, on the top, or gently sloping sides of a dividing ridge ; often through dense forests of tall, magnificent pines, that are from one hundred and seventy to two hundred and twenty feet in height, slender, and straight as an arrow. We measured one, that had fallen, that was twenty inches in diameter at the base, and

fourteen and a half inches in diameter at the distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet from the base. The ridges being nearly clear of an undergrowth of shrubbery, and the trunks of the trees, for fifty feet upward, or more, entirely clear of branches, the eye of the traveler can wander, delightedly, for a long distance, among the captivating scenes of the forest.

At different distances upon the route, the canal of the Union Water Company winds its sinuous way on the top or around the sides of the ridge; or its sparkling contents rush impetuously down the water-furrowed centre of a ravine. Here and there an aqueduct, or cabin, or saw-mill, gives variety to an ever-changing landscape.

When within about four and a half miles of the Mammoth Tree Grove, the surrounding mountain peaks and ridges are boldly visible. Looking southeast, the uncovered head of Bald Mountain silently announces its solitude and distinctiveness; west, the "Coast Mountain Range" forms a continuous girdle to the horizon, extending to the north and east, where the snowy tops of the Sierras form a magnificent back ground to the glorious picture.

While we have been thus riding and admiring, talking and wondering, and musing concerning the beautiful scenes we have witnessed, the deepening shadows of the densely timbered forest we are entering, by the awe they inspire—at first gently and imperceptibly, then rapidly and almost to be felt—prepare our minds to appreciate the imposing grandeur of the objects we are about to see, just as

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

The gracefully-curling smoke from the chimneys of the Big Tree Hotel, that is now visible; the inviting refreshment of the inner man; the luxurious feeling arising from bathing the hands and temples in cold, clear water—especially after a ride or walk—are alike disregarded. One thought, one feeling, one emotion—that of vastness, sublimity, profoundness, pervades the whole soul; for there

"The giant trees in silent majesty,  
Like pillars, stand 'neath Heaven's mighty dome.  
'Twould seem that, perched upon their topmost branch,  
With outstretched finger, man might touch the stars."

### HOW THE BIG TREES WERE DISCOVERED.

It is much to be questioned if the discovery of any wonder, in any part of the world, has ever elicited as much general interest, or created so strong a tax upon the credulity of mankind, as the discovery of the mammoth trees of California. Indeed, those who first mentioned the fact of their existence, whether by word of mouth or by letter, were looked upon as near, very near, relatives of Baron Munchausen, Captain Gulliver, or, the celebrated Don Quixote. The statement had many times to be repeated, and well corroborated, before it could be received as true; and there are many persons who, to this very day, look upon it as a somewhat doubtful "California story;" such, we never expect to convince of the realities we are about to illustrate and describe, although we do so from our own personal knowledge and observation.

In the spring of 1852, Mr. A. T. Dowd, a hunter, was employed by the Union Water Company, of Murphy's Camp, Calaveras county, to supply the workmen engaged in the construction of their canal with fresh meat, from the large quantities of game running wild on the upper portion of their works. Having wounded a bear, and while industriously following in pursuit, he suddenly came upon one of those immense trees, that have since become so justly celebrated throughout the civilized world. All thoughts of hunting were absorbed and lost in the wonder and surprise inspired by the scene. "Surely," he mused, "this must be some curiously delusive dream!" but the great realities standing there before him, were convincing proof, beyond a doubt, that they were no mere fanciful creations of his imagination.

When he returned to camp, and there related the wonders he had seen, his companions laughed at him and doubted his

veracity, which, previously, they had considered to be very reliable. He affirmed his statement to be true, but they still thought it "too much of a story" to believe—thinking he was trying to perpetrate upon them some first of April joke.

For a day or two he allowed the matter to rest—submitting, with chuckling satisfaction, to the occasional jocular allusions to "his big tree yarn," and continued his hunting as formerly. On the Sunday morning following, he went out early as usual and returned in haste, evidently excited by some event. "Boys," he exclaimed, "I have killed the largest grizzly bear that I ever saw in my life. While I am getting a little something to eat, you make preparations to bring him in. All had better go that can possibly be spared, as their assistance will certainly be needed."

As the big tree story was now almost forgotten, or by common consent laid aside as a subject of conversation; and, moreover, as Sunday was a leisure day—and one that generally hangs the heaviest of the seven on those who are shut out from social intercourse with friends, as many, many Californians unfortunately are—the tidings were gladly welcomed; especially as the proposition was suggestive of a day's excitement.

Nothing loath, they were soon ready for the start. The camp was almost deserted. On, on they hurried, with Dowd as their guide, through thickets and pine groves, crossing ridges and cañons, flats and ravines; each relating in turn the adventures experienced, or heard of from companions, with grizzly bears and other formidable tenants of the forests and wilds of the mountains; until their leader came to a dead halt at the foot of the tree he had seen, and to them had related the size. Pointing to the immense trunk and lofty top, he cried out, "Boys, do you now believe my big tree story? That is the large grizzly I wanted you to see. Do you still think it a yarn?"

Thus convinced, their doubts were changed to amazement, and their conversation from bears to trees; afterward confessing that, although they had been caught by a ruse of their leader,

"The giant trees in silent majesty,  
Like pillars, stand 'neath Heaven's mighty dome.  
'Twould seem that, perched upon their topmost branch,  
With outstretched finger, man might touch the stars."

### HOW THE BIG TREES WERE DISCOVERED.

It is much to be questioned if the discovery of any wonder, in any part of the world, has ever elicited as much general interest, or created so strong a tax upon the credulity of mankind, as the discovery of the mammoth trees of California. Indeed, those who first mentioned the fact of their existence, whether by word of mouth or by letter, were looked upon as near, very near, relatives of Baron Munchausen, Captain Gulliver, or, the celebrated Don Quixote. The statement had many times to be repeated, and well corroborated, before it could be received as true; and there are many persons who, to this very day, look upon it as a somewhat doubtful "California story;" such, we never expect to convince of the realities we are about to illustrate and describe, although we do so from our own personal knowledge and observation.

In the spring of 1852, Mr. A. T. Dowd, a hunter, was employed by the Union Water Company, of Murphy's Camp, Calaveras county, to supply the workmen engaged in the construction of their canal with fresh meat, from the large quantities of game running wild on the upper portion of their works. Having wounded a bear, and while industriously following in pursuit, he suddenly came upon one of those immense trees, that have since become so justly celebrated throughout the civilized world. All thoughts of hunting were absorbed and lost in the wonder and surprise inspired by the scene. "Surely," he mused, "this must be some curiously delusive dream!" but the great realities standing there before him, were convincing proof, beyond a doubt, that they were no mere fanciful creations of his imagination.

When he returned to camp, and there related the wonders he had seen, his companions laughed at him and doubted his



veracity, which, previously, they had considered to be very reliable. He affirmed his statement to be true, but they still thought it "too much of a story" to believe—thinking he was trying to perpetrate upon them some first of April joke.

For a day or two he allowed the matter to rest—submitting, with chuckling satisfaction, to the occasional jocular allusions to "his big tree yarn," and continued his hunting as formerly. On the Sunday morning following, he went out early as usual and returned in haste, evidently excited by some event. "Boys," he exclaimed, "I have killed the largest grizzly bear that I ever saw in my life. While I am getting a little something to eat, you make preparations to bring him in. All had better go that can possibly be spared, as their assistance will certainly be needed."

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Thus convinced, their doubts were changed to amazement, and their conversation from bears to trees; afterward confessing that, although they had been caught by a ruse of their leader,

they were abundantly rewarded by the gratifying sight they had beheld; and as other trees were found equally as large, they became willing witnesses, not only to the entire truthfulness of Mr. Dowd's account, but also to the fact, that, like the confession of a certain Persian queen concerning the wisdom of Solomon, "the half had not been told."

But a short season was allowed to elapse after the discovery of this remarkable grove, before the trumpet-tongued press proclaimed the discovery to all sections of the state, and to all parts of the world; and the lovers of the marvelous began first to doubt, then to believe, and afterward to flock from the various districts of California, that they might see, with their own eyes, the objects of which they had heard so much.

No pilgrims to Mohammed's tomb at Meccâ, or to the reputed vestment of our Saviour at Treves, or to the Juggernaut of Hindostan, ever manifested more interest in the superstitious objects of their veneration, than the intelligent and devout worshippers of the wonderful in nature and science, of our own country, in their visit to the Mammoth Tree Grove of Calaveras county, high up in the Sierras.

### THE CALAVERAS BIG TREE GROVE.

The Calaveras Big Tree Grove, is situated in a gently sloping, and, as we have seen, heavily timbered valley, on the divide or ridge between the San Antonio branch of the Calaveras river and the north fork of the Stanislaus river; in lat. 38 degs. north, long. 120 degs. 10 min. west; at an elevation of 2,300 feet above Murphy's Camp, and 4,585 feet above the level of the sea; at a distance of 164 miles from San Francisco, 123 from Sacramento and of 73 from Stockton.

When the specimens of this tree, with its cones and foliage, were sent to England for examination, Professor Lindley, an eminent English botanist considered it as forming a new genus, and accordingly named it (doubtless with the best intentions, but still unfairly) "*Wellingtonia gigantea*;" but through the examinations of Mr. Lobb, a gentleman of rare botanical at-

tainments, who had spent several years in California, devoting himself to this interesting, and, to him, favorite branch of study, it is decided to belong to the *Taxodium* family, and must be referred to the old genus *Sequoia sempervirens*; and consequently, as it is not a new genus, and as it has been properly examined and classified, it is now known, only, among scientific men, as the *Sequoia gigantea* and not "*Wellingtonia*," or, as some good and laudably patriotic souls would have it, to prevent the English from stealing American thunder, "*Washingtonia gigantea*." There are but two species of this genus, the *Sequoia gigantea*, Big Tree; and the *Sequoia sempervirens*, or, California redwood.

Within an area of fifty acres, there are ninety-four trees of a goodly size, twenty of which exceed twenty-five feet in diameter at the base, and, consequently, are about seventy-five feet in circumference!

Let us first walk upon the "Big Tree Stump" not far from the hotel. You see, it is perfectly smooth, sound and level. Upon this stump, however incredible it may seem, on the 4th of July, thirty-two persons were engaged in dancing four sets of cotillions at one time, without suffering any inconvenience whatever; and besides these, there were musicians and lookers-on. Across the solid wood of this stump, five and a half feet from the ground (now the bark is removed, which was from fifteen to eighteen inches in thickness), it measures twenty-five feet, and with the bark, twenty-eight feet. Think for a moment; the stump of a tree exceeding *nine yards* in diameter, and sound to the very center. There is a frame around the stump which forms the base of the house enclosing it. This is 93 feet 7 inches in circumference at the ground. The spurs in some places projecting beyond the frame, while in others they are within it. This tree when standing was 302 feet high.

Only a portion of the great trunk remains, and this is partly imbedded in the soil; yet, from the ground to the upper edge, its measure is 19 feet.

This tree employed five men for twenty-two days in felling it—not by chopping it down, but by *boring it off* with pump augurs. After the stem was fairly severed from the stump, the uprightness of the tree, and the breadth of its base, sustained it in its position. To accomplish the feat of throwing it over, about two and a half days of the twenty-two were spent in inserting wedges, and driving them in with the butts of trees, until, at last, the noble monarch of the forest was forced to tremble, and then to fall, after braving “the battle and the breeze,” for nearly three thousand years. In our estimation, it was a sacrilegious act, although it is possible that the exhibition of the bark among the unbelievers of the eastern part of our continent and of Europe, may have convinced all the “Thomases” living, that we have great facts in California, that must be believed, sooner or later. This is the only palliating consideration with us for this act of desecration.

Now, let us walk among the giant shadows of the forest, to another of these wonders—the largest tree now standing; which, from its immense size, two breast-like protuberances on one side and the number of small trees of the same class adjacent, has been named “The Mother of the Forest.” In the summer of 1854, the bark was stripped from this tree by Mr. George Gale, for purposes of exhibition in the East, to the height of one hundred and sixteen feet; and it now measures in circumference, without the bark, at the base, eighty-four feet; twenty feet from base, sixty-nine feet; seventy feet from base, forty-three feet six inches; one hundred and sixteen feet from base, and up to the bark, thirty-nine feet six inches. The full circumference at the base, including bark, was ninety feet. Its height was three hundred and twenty-one feet. The average thickness of bark was eleven inches, although in places it was about two feet. These measurements were given us by Mr. J. L. Sperry. This tree is estimated to contain five hundred and thirty-seven thousand feet of sound inch lumber. To the first branch it is one hundred and thirty-seven feet. The small black marks

upon the tree indicate the points where two- and a half inch auger holes were bored, into which rounds were inserted, by which to ascend and descend, while removing the bark. At different distances upward, especially at the top, numerous dates and names of visitors have been cut. It is contemplated to construct a circular stairway around this tree. (When the bark was being removed, a young man fell from the scaffolding—or, rather, out of a descending noose—at a distance of seventy-nine feet from the ground, and escaped with a broken limb. We were within a few yards of him when he fell, and were agreeably surprised to discover that he had not broken his neck.) Now the lifeless and desolate form of this noble tree, bereft of its foliage and glory, stands at once an object of pity, as of reproof, to the vandal hands that wrought its destruction.

Respecting the age of these trees, there has been but one opinion among the best informed botanists, which is this—that each concentric circle is the growth of one year; and as nearly three thousand concentric circles are said to have been counted in the stump of the fallen tree, it is correct to conclude that these trees are nearly three thousand years old. “This,” says the *Gardener’s Calendar*, “may very well be true, if it does not grow above two inches in diameter in twenty years, which we believe to be the fact.”

Many of the largest trees have been deformed, and otherwise injured, by the numerous and large fires that have swept with desolating fury over these forests, at different periods. But a small portion of decayed timber, of the *Taxodium* genus, can be seen. Like other varieties of the same species, it is less subject to decay, even when fallen and dead, than other woods.

It is to be regretted that many names have been attached to trees, of men who have never given their personal history to the world in noble deeds, or in great works, to benefit our race. The marble slabs once fastened up, now wrested off and broken, tell their own expressive story how injudicious friendship may sometimes consign the names of those they wished to honor to justly merited obloquy and derision.

The following personal notes of different trees in this grove were made in the summer of 1876:

At the entrance to the Calaveras grove stand two fine trees named "The Sentinels," between which the road passes to the hotel. The one on the western side measures 69 feet in circumference at the ground, and 53 feet 6 feet above it. Height 270 feet. This illustrious pair stand about 18 feet apart at the base, while their natural leaning toward each other causes their tops to meet and interlace.

The "Beauty of the Forest," from its symmetrical trunk and graceful foliage, is well named. This measures at the ground 55 feet, and five feet above it, 42 feet in circumference. Height 263 feet.

The prostrate trunk of the "Father of the Forest" although limbless, without bark, and even much of its sap decayed and gone, has proportions that still prove that at one time he was king of the grove; and although fires have burned out much of his heart, and consumed his giant limbs, the following measurements will prove that "there were giants in those days," and which even in death "still live:"

From its roots to where the center of the trunk can be reached on horseback it is 90 feet. The distance that one can ride through it on horseback is 82 feet 6 inches. Height of horseback entrance, 9 feet 4 inches; of arch to floor, 10 feet 9 inches. Across the roots it is 28 feet; to where one would have an idea of standing to chop it down, 23 feet 2 inches; ten feet from the roots its diameter is 20 feet 8 inches; one hundred feet from roots, 12 feet 1 inch; one hundred and fifty feet from roots, 10 feet 4 inches; extreme length, to where any sign of top could be found, is 365 feet. When standing, this noble tree must, with its foliage, have exceeded 375 feet in height. When it fell, one of its branches, three feet in diameter, struck "Hercules"—250 feet distance—and made an embrasure that is still visible.

Measurements were also made of "Hercules," "Pride of the Forest," "William Cullen Bryant," "Pioneer's Cabin,"

"George Washington," "Keystone State," (this latter named is "the tallest living tree found on the American continent," as it measures 325 feet in height), and several others, but the above will give an approximating idea of their wonderful size.

### THE SOUTH PARK GROVE OF BIG TREES.

About six miles from the Calaveras Grove, in a southeasterly direction, stands the above named magnificent group of Big Trees. It is probably the finest, as it is one of the largest in the State, containing 1,380 *Sequoias* over a foot in diameter. As the route thither is also very picturesque and interesting, let us pay it a visit.

Threading our way through a luxuriant growth of forest trees, with here and there a long vista, which conducts the eye to scenes beyond, and gives grateful leafy shadows, and occasional patches of sunlight on our path, about a mile from the hotel, the top of the Divide, presents a fine outlook.

By an easy trail, with all sorts of picturesque turnings upon it, the North Fork of the Stanislaus River is crossed. This is the dividing line between Calaveras and Tuolumne counties, giving the South Park Grove to the latter county. Now we wind up to the summit of the Beaver Creek ridge, and soon descend again to Beaver Creek, (where the trout fishing is excellent); and from this point wend our way to the lower end of the grove. Here the altitude above sea-level is 4,635 feet, and the upper end, 5,115 feet.

The immense numbers of Big Trees from ten feet to nearly one hundred feet in circumference; in all kinds of postures and conditions, become almost bewildering. To give the size of each seen, (and we measured many), would simply be tedious, so a few examples will suffice:

Just above a large black trunk, is a tree struck by lightning. This was 75 feet 3 inches in circumference at the ground, and 63 feet about 4 feet upward. It was rent from the top to the bottom; and the upper part of the main stem was broken off about 170

feet up, where its diameter was about twelve feet; and the whole top was hurled over one hundred feet from the dismantled tree.

The "Massachusetts" measured 84 feet in circumference; the "Ohio," 81 feet 6 inches; "No Name," 91 feet; "Grand Hotel," (the hollow trunk of this tree will hold forty persons), 93 feet; "Noah's Ark," 90 feet. (This when standing exceeded 320 feet in height. It is hollow for nearly 150 feet; and with a little cleaning out, one could ride through it that distance). "Adam and Eve" we did not see, but was assured that "Adam" measures 103 feet 4 inches three feet from the ground; and that "Eve" was nearly as large, with a breast-like swelling about 7 feet in diameter at 150 feet from the ground. Both of these are very thrifty and well preserved trees. Then there is "Old Methuselah," a large dead tree, still standing and defying the storm. Just above this is a hollow tree that has held—(we are told)—sixteen horses within the trunk; and measures 88 feet 6 inches in circumference.

As the grove is nearly two miles long, and numbering so many large trees, while offering much beautiful scenery by the way, every lover of forest pictures and sublime views will pay it a visit and judge (as well as measure) for themselves.

However enthralling these impressive scenes may be, as time presses, we must bid a reluctant farewell, and journey on towards the Yo Semite Valley. The scenes upward, passed through so recently, have lost none of their charm as we return to Murphy's. From the latter place our way will be through the mining towns of Douglas Flat and Vallecitos—one of the richest placers in the State. It would be very pleasant, if time would permit, to tarry here and explain the *modus operandi* of gold mining, (as in 1849, and since, we have learned some of the mysteries of the art,) but the temptation must be resisted. This, may however, be told: In 1853 we saw a large nugget of gold,—in shape, like the kidney of an ox—that was dug out here, which weighed twenty-six pounds. It would have been



ours, but for one trifling circumstance—we didn't have the money to buy it!

Soon we cross the Stanislaus River, and ascend to the rich mining plateau, which extends from this latter stream to the Tuolumne, passing over the ancient river bed of a past age, and owing to which the once thriving towns of Gold Spring, Columbia, Springfield, Shaw's Flat, Sonora, Jamestown, and other places sprang into existence. It is no exaggeration to say that tons of the precious metal have been taken out from this extensive river deposit. Besides this, fossils of the most interesting kinds, such as the mammoth, elephant, and many others, have here been discovered. As we journey on, evidences of placer mining, past as well as present, are abundant on every hand, until we arrive at Chinese Camp. This is where the Milton, Chinese Camp and Big Oak Flat route intersects the one via the Calaveras Big Tree Grove. From this place, therefore, the two routes towards Yo Semite become one; but to complete the round, if you please, we will imagine ourselves once more in Milton, and take that

#### VIA MILTON, CHINESE CAMP, AND BIG OAK FLAT, DIRECT TO YO SEMITE :

We travel some six miles on the same road as in the last route to Salt Spring Valley. Here the two diverge, and ours now lies through the once flourishing town of Copperopolis—so named from the immense deposits of copper extracted some years ago, employing hundreds of men. Its silent and deserted streets and mines now make the heart grow sad. An excellent meal, pleasantly served, may help to restore our spirits by the time the coachman calls out: "All aboard!"

On, on, we go, until we see the marvelous volcanic deposit known as "Table Mountain," the edges and top of which seem "as regular as a table." As this stands boldly up above the horizon, several hundred feet from our road, its sides in places perpendicular, and here and there broken off or cut in two by the

Stanislaus River, it becomes at once a striking object of interest. Soon we cross the bridge, and, winding our way up the hill, catch glimpses of the ends and bolder points of Table Mountain, and arrive at "Goodwin's." The delicious shade formed by outspreading fig trees, vines, and other fruit trees, prove that not only the proprietor may "sit under his own vine and fig tree," but that he is willing we should share it, and also a glass of well made California wine, if we will. If we except the volcanic bombs and scoria, over which we ride, there is little of special interest to be noticed before arriving, about the middle of the afternoon, at Chinese Camp; where the baggage, if we are stage passengers, is removed from the Sonora stage and promptly placed upon the one bound for Yo Semite. At any event let us see that our luggage is in our own safe keeping before the stage leaves the door. A little trouble now will save us from much annoyance in the future.

On, on we roll, now over gently swelling hills, now along shallow ravines, then down a well-graded road to the Tuolumne River, and Jacksonville. This village is supported mainly by river mining and the placer diggings of Woods' Creek. Within a stone's throw was one of the earliest fruit gardens in the State, but now a desert waste, having been "worked out" by Chinese miners for the rich deposits of gold found there. A short drive above this will bring us to a shady flower-covered retreat, known as "Keith's Orchard and Vineyard." Here fruits of every rare variety known in the temperate zone can be found, and of the finest quality. Let us hope that we are just in their season. The grapes will be found especially large and fine in flavor. Do not pass without testing their excellence—not forgetting the old adage, that fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night.

About a mile above Keith's we cross the Tuolumne River on the Steven's Bar Ferry, and drive up Moccasin Creek some two and a half miles to "Newhall and Culbertson's Vineyard." This is another of those wayside tarrying places where fruit of

the finest quality is in abundance, and where we can obtain a glass of the most delicious white wine to be had in any portion of the State. It is but simple justice to these people to say that their charges are not only very reasonable, but always low.

For the next two miles our road is on the side of a mountain, covered with a dense mass of shrubbery, among which will be found manzanita, buckeye, mountain mahogany, pipe wood, Indian arrow, granite wood, and numerous other kinds—all of which, if cut in the proper season, November to March—are hard and useful furniture woods, susceptible of a very high polish.

You will think this quite a mountain to climb—and it is. It will be well, however, to bear in mind, that, before we commence the descent toward Yo Semite we have to attain an altitude of nearly seven thousand feet; we must, therefore, commence ascending somewhere, and why not here? It will be a task upon our patience, perhaps, but as it seems to be a trial of both wind and muscle to the horses, we may surely console ourselves with the thought that we can stand it—if they can. Up, up we toil, many of us on foot perhaps, in order to ease the faithful and apparently overtasked animals, which puff and snort like miniature locomotives, while the sweat drops from them in abundance.

One quiet evening in the height of summer, after the sun had set, and the deep purple atmosphere — almost peculiar to California—had changed to sombre gray, we (the passengers) were wending our way up the mountain on foot, and a little ahead of the stage, when a rustling sound, just below the road, startled us with its singular and suspicious distinctness, and dark, shadowy forms were gently threading their way among the bushes. Our hearts beat uncomfortably fast, and we instinctively felt for our revolvers, but they were in the stage! It should be told that at this time numerous robberies had been committed upon the highway by Joaquin, Tom Bell, and their respective gangs. "We are caught," whispered one. "They

will rob, and perhaps murder us," suggested another. "We can die but once," bravely retorted a third. "Let us all keep close together," pantomimed a fourth. "Who goes there?" loudly challenged a fifth? "A friend," exclaimed the ring-leader of a party of miners who were climbing the steep sides of the mountain just at our side, with their blankets at their backs, all walking to town, and who had caused all our alarm; and as he and his companions quietly seated themselves by the road-side, they commenced wiping off the perspiration, and gave us cordial salutation in good plain English. "Why, bless us, these men, who have almost frightened us out of our seven senses, are fellow-travelers!" "Couldn't you see that?" now valorously inquired one whose knees had knocked uncontrollably together with fear only a few moments before. At this we all laughed; and the coachman, having stopped his stage, said, "Get in, gentlemen," and we had enough to talk and joke about until we reached Kirkwood's, (now Priest's.)

This brings us to the last named, and excellent stopping place. Here we have to water the horses, or stay for the night. We have by this time probably received sundry admonitions from within that the comforting meal has not, as yet, been duly furnished to a tenantless stomach, accompanied, possibly, with the secret wish that if we tarry not here, Groveland and supper are not far off. That it is only three miles, over a tolerably good road, is at this time an encouraging thought.

As we jog along we must not omit to notice the evidences of mining on either hand, even if we forget the unpleasant fact that a miner's labors almost invariably bring desolation to the landscape. Nor must we pass unseen the sturdy branch-lopped and root-cut veteran-trunk of a noble and enormous oak, some eleven feet in diameter, now prostrate, on our right; as it was from this once famous tree that "Big Oak Flat," the village through which we are passing, received its name. Then, however, its immense branch-crowned top gave refreshing

shadow to the traveler, and beauty to the scene. We fear that many a year will have made its faithful record before our virtues become sufficiently Christian to confess forgiveness to those who committed or permitted the vandal act of its destruction. We take real comfort in the thought that its storm-beaten, dead, and limbless form, must daily administer stinging reproofs to every one whose act, or silence, gave sanction to the deed. "So mote it be!"

"Groveland!" shouts the coachman, (a musical sound indeed to us, even though his voice were cracked) as he "pulls up" at Savory's, the jovial and obliging landlord of the Washington Hotel. We predict that if he knows that we are coming and we are certain that he does, he will spread before us an excellent repast—especially for a mining town. Perhaps it will not be out of place here to say, in all kindness, that no traveler should expect to find meals and accommodations in the mountains of California equal to those of the Palace Hotel, the Grand, the Baldwin, or the Occidental, Lick, or Cosmopolitan, of San Francisco. And perhaps he doesn't. "If so, why so." Then we take it all back.

An early start, on a summer's morning, will prove to us the pleasantest portion of the day. The deliciously bracing "Champagne atmosphere," (as a lady friend of ours so naïvely expresses it) is quaffed with a delight and zest that makes itself felt through every portion of our body. Soon we are advancing toward the euphoniously (!) named mining camp of "Garrote," (we should like to "garrote" the name-givers of this village until they repented), we must caution you against stopping, (so soon after leaving Savory's, you know), at Chaffey & Chamberlain's; for their delicious pears and other fruits will be sure to tempt you to eat again, and it is a long way to the doctor's! Then, if you think of the amount of internal freight taken in but two miles below, ought you in conscience to add to it without paying extra? But this being the last orchard seen on this side of Yo Semite, and this, moreover, being considered

a "pleasure trip," we will accept of your pardon for mentioning such trifles as apples, hoping that you have sufficient caution not to allow the driver to see you cram them into your pockets unless prepared to pay for "extra baggage." We will talk to him about a new road up the mountain, while you have an eye to business.

A short ascent up a somewhat steep hill, brings us to the ups and downs of a ridge road, with timber and shrubbery on both sides. The large ditch we cross several times is that of the Golden Rock Water Co., constructed for the purpose of supplying the mining towns below with water for mining purposes. This work will be seen at different times until we pass the "Big Gap," where lie the broken fragments of a flume, once the pride of its engineers, as the finest wooden structure of the kind in the State, having a height of two hundred and sixty-four feet above the Gap, and a length of two thousand two hundred feet, costing the snug little amount of pocket-change of eighty thousand dollars. A strong wind one night told the sad story, that "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a'glee," and made it the wreck you see. Now, a large iron tube placed upon the ground answers the purpose of the flume. This only cost, we are informed, some twelve thousand dollars. There is but little danger of this being blown over, that is one comfort. Our hope and wish is that it may not be inclined to go upon a "bender."

As we advance it is evident that the timber becomes larger and the forest land more extensive. The gently rolling hills begin to give way to tall mountains; and the quiet and even tenor of the landscape changes to the wild and picturesque. An occasional deer may shoot across our track; or covies of quail, with their beautiful plumage and nodding "top-knots," whirr among the bushes. The robin and meadow-lark and oriole may prove to us that they still have a love and a voice for music; and the "too-coo-"ing of the dove tells that its voice "is still heard in our land." Instead of the eastern

"wood-pecker tapping at the hollow beach tree," the red-headed California variety, known as the carpenter (*el carpintero*) woodpecker, may be seen busily engaged boring holes in the bark of a large pine tree, and afterward carefully fitting and filling them up with acorns, or critically examining them apparently for his own amusement, or for purposes known only to himself. The reason for these are still, we believe, a mystery to naturalists. As the greatest activity in storing was in the Fall, and the inspection went on at other seasons, it was for many years supposed that an instinctive provision for a coming want was the cause. But as this variety of woodpecker has seldom or never been seen feeding on the acorn, or on the supposed insect which it contained, some doubt has arisen as to the satisfactory nature of its occupation. Perhaps some student of the habits of this singular bird may give us some interesting facts connected with its history.

Who, in feeble language, can fully disclose to us the grandeur of the scenery that opens before us a short distance east of Big Gap? When the painter's art can build the rainbow upon canvas so as to deceive the sense of sight—when simple words can tell the depth and height, the length and breadth of a single thought—or the metaphysician's skill delineate, beyond peradventure, the hidden mysteries of a living soul—then, ah! then it may be possible.

Deep down in an abyss before us is a gulf—a cañon—of more than two thousand feet. The gleaming, silvery thread, seen running among boulders, is the Tuolumne River, a hundred feet in width. Its rock-ribbed sides, in places, show not a vestige of a tree or shrub. In others, its generous soil has clothed the almost perpendicular walls with verdure. As the eye wanders onward and upward it traces the pine-clad outlines of distant gorges whose tributary waters compose and swell the volume of the stream beneath us. To the right, surrounded by noble trees, can be discerned a bright speck—it is a waterfall a hundred feet in height and thirty feet in width. In the far

distance, piercing the clouds, the snow-covered peaks of the Sierras lift their glorious heads of sheen, while a beautiful purple haze casts its broad, softening mantle over all.

Our road, shaded by lofty pines and umbrageous oaks, and cooled by a delicious breeze, lies safely near the edge of the precipice, the whole panorama rolled vividly out before us. It is such scenes as this that introduce refreshing change to such a journey. We know of no view equal to it, so far from the valley, on either of the other routes.

Crossing the bridge of the south fork of the Tuolumne, our course is upward for a considerable distance until we reach Hardin's lodge. Beyond Hardin's we again cross the south fork, and still our course is upward, until we have reached a long stretch of elevated table land that, for timber, is not excelled in any portion of the State. Large sugar-pine trees (*Pinus Lambertiana*) from five to ten feet in diameter, and over two hundred feet in height, devoid of branches for sixty or a hundred feet, and straight as an arrow, everywhere abound. Besides these there are thousands of yellow pines (*Pinus ponderosa*), Douglas firs, (*Abies Douglasii*), and cedar (*Libocedrus decurrens*) that are but little, if any, smaller or shorter than the sugar-pines. These forests are not covered up with a dense undergrowth, as at the East, but give long and ever-changing vistas for the eye to penetrate. Well might Mr. Horace Greeley write concerning them :

"Here let me renew my tribute to the marvelous bounty and beauty of the forests of this whole mountain region. The Sierra Nevadas lack the glorious glaciers, the frequent rains, the rich verdure, the abundant cataracts of the Alps ; but they far surpass them—they surpass any other mountains I ever saw—in the wealth and grace of their trees. Look down from almost any of their peaks, and your range of vision is filled, bounded, satisfied by what might be termed a tempest-tossed sea of evergreens, filling every upland valley, covering every hill-side, crowning every peak, but the highest, with their



unfading luxuriance. That I saw, during this day's travel, many hundreds of pines eight feet in diameter, with cedars at least six feet, I am confident; and there were miles of such, and smaller trees of like genus, standing as thick as they could grow. Steep mountain sides, allowing these giants to grow rank above rank, without obstructing each other's sunshine, seem peculiarly favorable to the production of these servicable giants. But the Summit Meadows are peculiar in their heavy fringe of balsam fir, of all sizes, from those barely one foot high to those hardly less than two hundred, their branches surrounding them in collars, their extremities gracefully bent down by the weight of winter snows, making them here, I am confident, the most beautiful trees on earth. The dry promontories which separate these meadows, are also covered with a species of spruce, which is only less graceful than the firs aforesaid. I never before enjoyed such a tree feast as on this wearing, difficult ride."\*

While thinking, and almost dreaming of forest scenes, we have arrived at

#### THE TUOLUMNE GROVE OF BIG TREES.

These are of the same genus (*Sequoia gigantea*), as those of Calaveras, Mariposa, and other groves; many fine specimens of which stand by the road side, or can be readily seen without leaving the coach; but none can realize their large proportions without standing up against one, or walking around it. Besides, it rests us to walk a little, and adds much to the interest to touch their enormous sides. There are about thirty in this group,

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\* Mr. Greeley, we believe, rode from Bear Valley to the Yo Semite—over sixty miles—in one day, thirty-eight on muleback. He had not, it is said, been in a saddle before for thirty years. The mule he rode was considered the hardest trotting brute in America; and Mr. G., (not the mule) being somewhat corpulent there was but little unabraised cuticle left him. Arriving at the hotel after midnight, he was lifted from his saddle, and at his own request, put supperless to bed. A little after noon the same day, having speaking engagements to fulfill, he started back without even seeing the Lake, or the great sights on the main river—the "Vernal," and the "Nevada" falls.

well proportioned, and excellent representatives of the class. Two of them, which grew from the same root, and unite a few feet above the base, are called the "Siamese Twins." These are about one hundred and fourteen feet in circumference at the ground, and, consequently, about thirty-eight feet in diameter—of course, including both. The bark has been cut on one side of one of them and has been found to measure twenty inches in thickness. Near the "Twins" there are two others which measure seventy-four feet around their base. There is one black stump still standing that must have once belonged to a tree not less than one hundred feet in circumference, as only a portion of one side remains, yet that measures 30 feet 8 inches across it, without the bark. There is no more convincing evidence of size than this in either of the groves—if we except the "Stump" at Calaveras. Within a few yards of this grows one of the finest representatives of this wondrous family to be found.

"Excelsior" being our motto, we shall soon reach "Crane Flat." These flats are grassy meadows, interspersed among the mountain districts, and are generally the heads of creeks or rivers, being almost always "springy." Of late years they are fed off by bands of sheep brought up from the plains when the feed there has become short or dry. Running upon or over trails, they are apt to obliterate all traces of the traveller's course, and where a short turn is made, great care is needed, by the inexperienced, to prevent being lost.

Let us hope that we can continue on the shortest and easiest route. This will be in a northeasterly course until we have surmounted the crest of the dividing ridge, which separates the waters of the Tuolumne from those of the Merced. Here we are some seven thousand feet above the sea. From this ridge magnificent views of the distant landmarks and snow-covered peaks of the Sierras open at brief intervals before us; while timber-covered ridges and gorges, like waves of the sea, stretch farther and farther away to the verge of the distant

horizon ; with an occasional mountain of verdureless rock, like an island, standing gloriously out as if to defy the further encroachments of those evergreen masses of pines. There does not seem to be a foot of ground over which we are passing that has not some novelty to charm us. But the lengthening shadows, in silence, admonish us not to tarry too long. Reluctantly we take a long lingering look, and commence our descent toward the wonderful valley.

The apparently omnipresent forest overarches our way ; and beautiful firs (*Picea amabilis* and *Picea grandis*) and "tamaracks" (*Pinus contorta*) stand sentinel guard on every hand ; while patches of stunted manzanita (*Arctostaphylos glauca*), with its evergreen leaves and fragrant waxy-like blossoms ; and different species of California lilac (*Ceanothus*) literally loading the air with their perfume, and brightening the landscape with flowery plumes of white and blue, attract our attention, until, by a gentle declivity, we pass Tamarack Flat, and, arriving at Gentry's, commence the descent of the mountain side on the Yo Semite Turnpike road, (in no portion having a heavier grade than eight and a half feet to the one hundred.) Looking down the great cañon of the Merced river from this point on the road, there opens before us one of the most magnificent and comprehensive scenes to be found anywhere, as not only can the numerous windings of the river be traced for miles as it makes its exit from the valley, but its high bluffs and distant mountains stand boldly out. At another turning of the road we look into the profound and haze-draped depths, and up toward the sublime and storm-defying heights, with feelings all our own, and behold Yo Semite.

Before feasting our eyes and souls on the glorious scenery of the great Valley, let us retrace our steps in imagination and take a glance at the route

#### Via Merced and Coulterville to Yo Semite.

The time of starting from San Francisco, distance and scenes by the way, will be the same as on each of the other

routes to Lathrop. Here we leave the C. P. R. R. and take the cars for Merced, on the Visalia Division of the S. P. R. R.; and after passing fertile farms, farm houses, and other rural sights, we arrive at the El Capitan Hotel, Merced, and make ourselves comfortable for the night.

Early the following morning we say good-bye to the pleasant landlord of the "El Capitan;" and as the refreshing breeze salutes us, speed away over the level country, and soon find ourselves among some rolling and gravelly hills; stopping at Snelling's, a tree ornamented and pretty rural town, formerly the county seat of Merced, to change horses, and stretch our limbs. But as this does not take long, we are soon wending our way among the treeless hills, invited forward by the distant forests. Hill after hill, and hollow after hollow are crossed, with picture giving way to picture, until we arrive at the mining town of Coulterville. If we had time we might examine the quartz leads and mills; but, as the mails are already changed, and the coach waiting, let us not delay, unless we propose to spend the night and study the mysteries of mining.

For the first three or four miles our road is up a rough, mountainous point, through dense chaparal bushes that are growing on both sides of us, to a high, bold ridge, from whence we obtain a splendid and comprehensive view of the foothills and broad valley of the San Joaquin, and, possibly of the distant "Coast Range." At this point we enter a vast forest of pines, cedars, firs and oaks, and ride leisurely among their deep and refreshing shadows, occasionally passing saw-mills, or ox-teams that are hauling logs or lumber, until we reach Dudley's, a delightfully comfortable way station, and stay for the night.

The coachman's early admonition of "all aboard," shall be presumptive evidence, if you please, that a good breakfast has preceded such a salutation. Away we go, the oaks and pines for awhile almost excluding the views, and in less than an hour find ourselves at "Bower Cave." This is a singular grotto-like formation, about one hundred feet in depth

and length, and ninety feet in width, and which is entered by a passage not more than three feet six inches wide at the northern end of an opening some seventy feet long by thirteen feet wide, nearly covered with running vines and maple trees, that grow out from within the cave ; and when these are drawn aside you look into a deep abyss, at the bottom of which is a small sheet of water made shadowy and mysterious by overhanging rocks and trees. On entering, you walk down a flight of fifty-two steps to a wooden platform, and from thence you can either pick your way to the water below, or ascend another flight of steps to a smaller cave above. Although there is a singular attraction about this spot that amply repays a visit, we must not linger too long, but at once renew our journey. Beyond the cave our way is up among hills and heads of ravines, with frequent pictures of beautiful views opening before us. Now we come to

### PILOT PEAK,

Which is a prominent cone-shaped elevation in the middle Sierras, on the dividing ridge between the Tuolumne and Merced Rivers. It is ten miles east from Bower Cave, and on the line of the Coulterville and Yo Semite wagon road, which runs for several miles on its southern slope.

The peak is 6,200 feet above the level of the sea; and its very summit, distance only three-fourths of a mile from the Yo Semite road, can be reached in wagon and on horse-back by a good branch road, built expressly to give tourists the grand mountain view of the Middle and High Sierra from this Summit.

Standing on this peak and looking to the north and south, as far as the eye can reach, the observer has before him a vast sea of mountains—the Middle Sierras—cut by deep cañons and these flanked by high, long ridges, covered by dense forests; to the east are the High Sierra, capped by Tower Peak, Castle Peak, Mounts Dana, McClure, Lyell and Ritter, The Minarets, and other high regions from which the Tuolumne and Merced Rivers have their sources; to the west, the foot hills of the Sierra,

the San Joaquin Valley and the Coast Range—a panoramic view hardly equaled from any other point in the Sierras.

But on we journey through those ever-welcome and apparently interminable forest stretches, until Hazle Green (and lunch) is reached. As we leave the latter place behind, we notice the glorious timber continues with us, and in about two miles we arrive at

### THE MERCED BIG TREE GROVE.

In order to enable tourists to see these forest monarchs, the Coulterville and Yo Semite wagon road was built directly through the grove. Dr. J. T. McLean informs us that “there are fifty *Sequoia* trees, small and large here; fully twenty-five of which are from 45 feet to 80 feet in circumference. The large trees are wonderfully beautiful and well preserved, retaining their enormous size for from 150 to 200 feet of their height; and are as magnificent specimens of vegetable growth as are to be found in the world. Only two or three of the number being injured, and only one prostrated, by fire. To those whose time is limited, there are many advantages in riding in carriages directly through these truly remarkable groves.”

As soon as we leave these behind us, we revel in one constant succession of beautiful scenes until we realize the striking expressiveness of one sentiment in Bailey's *Festus*:

“Life, so varied, hath more loveliness  
In one brief day, than hath a creeping century  
Of sameness.”

The soul, already full, is made to overflow by distant glimpses of the peaks surrounding the great valley; while the wildly picturesque cañon of the river is opening up before us as we descend the mountain. The deep, low, murmuring music that swells up from the Merced, continues until we are beside its wild and angry waters; when hugh boulders, bold jetting bluffs high waterfalls, with all their ever-varied changes, beautify this vestibule to the temple we are so soon to enter.

Now, if you please, we will, ideally, retrace our steps to Merced and take a glance at the route:

### Via Merced and the Mariposa Big Tree Groves to Yo Semite.

Our course from Merced can either be by "Snellings" or by Indian Gulch; the former being the one most generally traveled, and yet by the latter there will be six miles saved in distance. On either route the scenery is very much the same, with but little to attract special attention, until we find ourselves in the mining village of Hornitos (Spanish for "Little Oven") just in time for lunch. As at other places, we must forego the examination of its mines, and commence the ascent of the hill leading to Bear Valley and the Fremont estate—now owned by the Mariposa Land and Mining Company. Bear Valley is the depot and headquarters of the company and the business centre of their numerous mines. It would be very interesting to take a ride down on the narrow-gauge railway to the Benton Quartz Mill; or to follow the various ramifications of the tunnels and shafts, but we must simply give them a cursory glance as we pass through Ophir, Princeton and Mariposa, the latter named being the county seat of Mariposa county. This picturesque little town is not so large as formerly, but is still sufficiently so for its business; and contains a court house, hotel, stores, etc., etc. It can also boast an excellent county newspaper, the *Mariposa Gazette* (now twenty years old), and which is earnestly devoted to the best interests of the district it represents. If we had leisure to associate with its genial-hearted people we should leave the little unpretentious town of Mariposa with pleasant memories of our visit.

Away we go, now down the Mariposa Creek, then up among the hills; "onward and upward," until we find ourselves at the summit of the Chowchilla mountain, 5,750 feet above sea-level. Fine views having opened before us at almost every stage of the journey. Here, as elsewhere, the abundant timber charms and impresses us, for tall pines, silver firs, and cedars, are on every hand, frequently overhanging the road. Among these while descending the mountain we thread our way until we find our

selves comfortably cared for at the Big Tree Station. This is 4,100 feet above the sea, and 1,650 feet below the summit of the Chowchilla mountain. While we take a little rest, let me recount to you

### HOW AND WHEN THE MARIPOSA GROVES OF BIG TREES WERE DISCOVERED.

For several years after the discovery of the *Sequoias* of Calaveras had astonished the world, that group of Big Trees was supposed to be the only one of the kind in existence. But, during the latter part of July or the beginning of August, 1855, Mr. Hogg, a hunter, in the employ of the South Fork Merced Canal Company, saw one or more trees of the same variety and genus as those of Calaveras, growing on one of the tributaries of Big Creek, and related the fact to Mr. Galen Clark, and other acquaintances. About the 1st of June, Mr. Milton Mann and Mr. Clark were conversing together on the subject, at Clark's Ranch, on the South Fork of the Merced, when they mutually agreed to go out on a hunting excursion in the direction indicated by Mr. Hogg and Mr. Clayton, for the purpose of ascertaining definitely the locality, size, and number of the trees mentioned. On the summit of the mountain, about four miles from Clark's, they saw the broad and towering tops of the mammoth trees—since known as the "Mariposa Grove"—and shortly afterward were walking among their immense trunks. A partial examination revealed the fact that a second grove of trees had been found, that was far more extensive than that of Calaveras, and many of the trees fully as large as those belonging to that world-renowned group.

Refreshed and ready, let us mount our horses and start for

### THE MARIPOSA BIG TREE GROVES.

Now, although the distance up and back again, including the detour of the groves, is twelve miles, as a good trail is made on the grade of a future wagon road, the 2,500 feet of altitude to be overcome will not be a very difficult task. Passing the



grassy meadows of the Big Tree Station, we commence the ascent of a well timbered side hill, up and over low ridges covered in the early summer with wild flowers, until at last, with gratified pleasure, we welcome the first sight of the grove. Once there, who can describe its long vistas, its immense tree stems, extending hither and thither; now arched by the overhanging branches of the lofty *Sequoias*, then by the drooping boughs of the white-blossomed dogwood. How regret fills the heart, while lingering among such thrilling scenes, that the Indians in years that are passed should have set fire to these magnificent groves, so that even now burned stumps of trees frown down upon us as we gaze. Indeed, many of the largest and noblest looking, elsewhere as well as here, have been badly deformed from this cause. Still, beautiful groups of from three to ten in each, and others standing alone, are quite numerous.

Professor J. D. Whitney, when State Geologist, measured nearly the whole of the trees in this grove, and from whom we glean the following: "The grant made by Congress to the State is two miles square and embraces, in reality, two distinct, or nearly distinct, groves. The upper grove is in a pretty compact body, containing, on an area of 3,700 by 2,300 feet in dimensions, just 365 trees of the *Sequoia gigantea*, of a diameter of one foot and over, besides a great number of small ones. The lower grove, which is smaller in size and more scattered, lies in a southwesterly direction from the other, some trees growing quite high in the gulches on the south side of the ridge which separates the two groves. Several of the trees in this grove have been named, some of them, indeed, half a dozen times; there are no names, however, which seem to have become current, as is the case in the Calaveras Grove. The average size of the trees in this grove is greater than those of Calaveras [the Professor had not then seen the South Park Grove] and the height less. There is a burnt stump on the north side of the grove, nearly all gone, but indicating a tree of a size perhaps a little greater than any now existing here. The beauty of the

Mariposa Grove has been sadly marred by the ravages of fire, which has evidently swept through it again and again, almost ruining many of the finest trees. Still, the general appearance of the grove is extremely grand and imposing. There are about 125 trees over forty feet in circumference.

"There are but very few of the young Big Trees growing within the grove, where probably they have been destroyed by fire. Around the base of several of the large trees, on the outskirts of the grove, there are small plantations of young *Sequoias* of all sizes, up to six or eight inches in diameter, but only a few as large as this. Those trees which are about ten feet in diameter, and entirely uninjured by fire, in the full symmetry of a vigorous growth of say 500 years, are, although not as stupendous as the older giants of the forest, still exceedingly beautiful and impressive.

"The southern division of the Mariposa Grove, or Lower Grove, as it is usually called, is said to contain about half as many trees as the one just described. The largest tree in the Lower Grove is the one known as the Grizzly Giant [we christened it Grizzled Giant eighteen years ago], which is ninety-two feet seven inches in circumference at the ground, and sixty-four feet three inches at eleven feet above. Its two diameters at the base, as nearly as we could measure, were thirty and thirty-one feet. The calculated diameter at eleven feet above the ground is twenty feet, nearly. The tree is very much injured and decreased in size by burning, for which no allowance is made in the above measurements. Some of the branches of this tree are fully six feet in diameter. This tree, however, has long since passed its prime, and has the battered and war-worn appearance conveyed by its name."

By a table given, the "largest tree in the grove is twenty-seven feet in diameter, but all burned away on one side," and the "highest 272 feet," or fifty-three feet less than the tallest in the Calaveras Grove, which is 325 feet high.

Having satisfied ourselves with the vegetable wonders here seen, let us retrace our steps down the mountain to the Big Tree Station, and after refreshing the inner man and resting the outer, we will cross the South Fork bridge and set our faces towards the Yo Semite Valley.

Now our course is upward, on an excellent wagon road, from which scene after scene is perpetually changing, and view after view coming constantly before us, for timber, cañons, picturesque ravines and points of outlook, tell us that this as well as every other avenue of ingress to the great valley is wildly sublime. On, on, we drive, without anything specially attracting our attention, until the goal of our anticipations is fully before us. It was from near this point that Yo Semite was first seen in 1851 by those in pursuit of the Indians; and from the old Indian trail hereabouts that our eyes first looked upon it twenty-two years ago. Yet, who can describe the glorious sight as it breaks upon them for the first time? It must be seen to be realized and felt.

As you descend, the dark purple haze before you reveals a near approach to the goal of your anticipation—the Mecca of this pilgrimage. Almost before the gratifying fact is realized, you have reached the first picture, and are standing out upon a bold promontory of rock, and with feelings all your own are looking over the precipice into the deep abyss, far, far below. The first view obtained by Mr. Sydney Andrews, in his correspondence to the *Boston Advertiser*, is thus described of this glorious scene :

“Suddenly, as I rode along, I heard a shout. I knew the valley had revealed itself to those who were at the front of the line. I turned my head away, I couldn’t look until I had tied my horse. Then I walked down to the ledge and crawled out upon the overhanging rocks. I believe some men walk out there—it’s a dull sort of a soul who can do that. In all my life, let it lead me where it may, I think I shall see nothing else so grand, so awful, so sublime, so beautiful—beautiful with a

beauty not of this earth—as that Vision of the Valley. It was only yesterday evening—I cannot write of it yet. How long I sat there I never shall know. I brought the picture away with me ; I have only to shut my eyes and I see it as I saw it in that hour of hours. I think I shall see nothing else so sublime and beautiful, till, happily, I stand within the gates of the Heavenly City."

The finest scenic standpoint for a general view, and the one selected by Bierstadt, Hill, and other eminent artists is found near the valley. The vignette opposite our title page will give its general outlines, and as it is from the first sketch ever taken of the Yo Semite Valley (in 1855) by the lamented Thomas Ayres, it possesses more than ordinary interest. To those who enter the valley by other routes, this fine view can be obtained by an afternoon's ride down to the point presented, and on returning be in time to see the Bridal Veil Fall in all its glory, and arrive at the hotel in time for dinner.

The picturesque wildness of the scene on every hand; the exciting wonders of so romantic a journey; the difficulties surmounted; the dangers braved and overcome, put us in possession of one unanimous feeling of unalloyed delight; so that when we reach the foot of the mountain, and looked upon the beautiful rapids of the river, rolling and swelling at the side of the road, and at the forest of oaks and pines standing on its banks; or ride side by side among the timber of the valley, we congratulate each other upon looking the very picture of happiness personified.

Both of the river routes are equally interesting and grandly picturesque, but as we know the reader is impatient to enter the great valley we must forego a general description, and seek at once its sacred precincts.

### THE YO SEMITE VALLEY.

To attempt a description of this marvelous locality would seem to be simply an effort to compass the impossible. For although by frequent visits there from 1855—the year the writer

was the fortunate instrument in discovering it to the world—to the early spring of 1864, in winter as well as in summer, and a permanent resident there of nearly twelve years subsequently, he was made familiar with almost every nook and corner both in and around it; and that, too, under different aspects of light and shade, of sunshine and storm, he has to confess his utter inability to do the subject justice.

For how can he but realize the impossibility of the most perfect word-painting, fully to portray even the many shades of purple haze that lies sleeping in furrows of the mountain's face; or picture sun-beams and shadows that play upon our path, or linger among the leaves, or on the mossy trees; or set to music the ever-changing song of the many-voiced forest trees, or of the "babbling brook," or bounding cataract, and leaping waterfall; or even how, fittingly, describe the impressive depth of forest silence. No, these things cannot be done. At best, therefore, the facts alone can be presented, and leave the understanding and imagination to supply the rest.

Here perhaps, an illustrative story can be introduced concerning a very profane man, who, when a large building was being erected on a hill in San Francisco, was one of many employed in carting bricks up to the site. But, forgetting on one occasion to put in the tail-board of his cart, the bricks began to fall out one by one, then in twos and threes, until the cart was empty. In the noise and bustle of the street, this had been unobserved by the carter; but not by a group of mischief-loving boys, who, knowing the poor fellows weakness had followed him at an unsuspecting distance in the expectation of hearing (if not of seeing) volumes of red hot oaths roll out of his mouth the moment he made the discovery. Arriving at the spot, while preparing to back up, he saw at a glance how matters stood. Looking at the empty cart, he straightened up, his eyes flashed with momentary passion, and exclaimed: "Well! Ill be —— No! No! I *never can do that* justice, and I'll be hanged if I try."

## ITS NAME.

"Yo Semite"\* is an Indian word which means "large grizzly bear" and is pronounced Yo Sem-i-tee (or ty). The old Indian name of the valley was "Ah-wah-nee", and the tribe inhabiting it were "Ah-wah-nee-chees"; but after one of its chiefs had distinguished himself in a valorous combat with an enormous grizzly bear, in which he had proven the victor, he was called "Yo Sem-i-te in honor of his prowess; by degrees the people of his tribe, and eventually their valley home was known by it among the Indians both far and near. The whites who had driven out the Indians (on account of their maraudings upon, and murderings of the miners and settlers) who were familiar with the facts as above; when seated around their camp-fire, approved and endorsed "Yo Sem-i-te" as its future name.

This, therefore, is the name originally given, as here spelled; and not *Yosemite*, to which it has been by some corrupted.

This leads us very naturally to inquire:

## WHAT AND WHERE THE YO SEMITE VALLEY IS.

The valley bearing this euphonious name is a deep and wide fissure or gorge in the Sierra Nevada mountains, within about twenty-five miles of their very topmost crest, and lying nearly due east from San Francisco. It is a little over seven miles in length by from half a mile to a mile and a quarter in width—exclusive of the debris or talus under its mountain walls. Its total area comprises 8,480 acres, 3,109 of which are meadow land. The entire grant to the State was 36,111 acres, and includes one mile back of the edge of the precipice throughout its whole circumference.

The altitude of the bottom, or meadow land of the valley, is 4,000 feet above the sea; while on either side, the walls—which are of a beautiful grey granite of many shades—rise to the

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\* Yo-ham-i-tee, Oh-hamite, Oo-Soom-o-tee, On-hom-i-tee, etc., are some of the ways of pronouncing it by different tribes, having, however, the same meaning.

height of from 3,300 to 5,000 feet above the meadow, and are of every conceivable shape. Over these grand old walls leap numerous waterfalls from 350 to 3,300 feet in height, and in forms of inexpressible beauty, that change with every instant, or are changed by every breeze that plays and toys with them.

A remarkably picturesque and beautiful river—the Merced—full of delicious trout, and clear as crystal, runs through it; and then roars and plunges down an almost impassible cañon, entering the San Joaquin River about sixty miles south of the city of Stockton. Patches and stretches of fertile meadow, covered with ferns, and flowers and grasses, in almost endless beauty and variety, open at intervals on both sides of the stream—their margins set with flowering shrubs which, in early summer, fill the air with perfume. Deciduous and evergreen trees—from the shade giving oak to the stately pine—form picturesque groups over valley and river; in places presenting long vistas that seem like frames to many glorious pictures.

The general course of Yo Semite is north-easterly and south-westerly—a fortunate circumstance indeed, as it permits the delightfully invigorating north-west breeze from the Pacific to sweep pleasantly through it, and keep it exceedingly temperate on the hottest of days; and permits the sun to look into it from ten in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon, in summer, instead of only an hour or two, were it otherwise. It is true, the sun, in winter, does not rise upon the hotels until half past one in the afternoon, and sets at half-past three.

The thermometer seldom reads above 90° in summer, or below 16° in winter—although we have known it, for short intervals, as high as 95°, and as low as 7°—above zero. The rainfall generally averages from 28 to 32 inches, exclusive of snow—of which there falls from about 13 to 17 feet during each winter; although we have never seen a greater level depth *at one time* than 5 feet 2 inches. During the winter of 1874-5 and of 1876-7, however, but very little snow fell. These, of course, are comparatively only a few facts that could be men-

tioned about this wonderful valley. It is gratifying to know, from the united testimony of numerous visitors from far off lands, that Yo Semite has not its counterpart or equal, in any portion of the world yet known to man.

### HOW THE YO SEMITE VALLEY WAS DISCOVERED.

The early California resident will remember that, during the spring and summer of 1850, much dissatisfaction existed among the white settlers and miners on the Merced, San Joaquin, Chow-chilla, and Fresno Rivers and their tributaries, on account of the frequent robberies committed upon them by the Chook-chan-cie, Po-to-en-cie, Noot-cho, Po-ho-ne-chee, Ho-na-chee, Chow-chilla, and other Indian tribes on the head waters of the streams above mentioned. For a time it seemed impossible to discover the thieves, or the place of concealment of the stolen property.

These frequent and successful raids going unpunished, superinduced the belief among the Indians that it would be a very easy matter to exterminate the whites altogether; and thus for ever rid their fishing and hunting grounds of the intruder. With this end in view, on one bright, crisp morning in November, 1850, a simultaneous attack was made upon all the settlements in the vicinity, where several whites were killed, their habitations plundered, and afterwards desolated by fire.

These murderous and devastating proceedings very naturally aroused a feeling of indignation and retaliation among the people, and volunteers were soon raised, armed, and led to the fight. The peaceful ravines and valleys of the mountains now echoed out the sounds of war. Struggle after struggle ensued, and the Indians were driven from point to point, until at last they sought succor in their boasted, and as they believed, impregnable stronghold of the mountains—the now famous Yo Semite—where they were followed by their pursuers. This was in March, 1851. The first white men who ever saw the valley were Major Savage, Capt Bowling, Dr. L. H. Bunnell, and others of their party. Owing to the numerous and apparently



insurmountable obstacles attending this campaign, and the difficulty of finding the hiding places of the enemy, the Indians were not successfully subdued and driven out until 1852, when they escaped across the Sierras and took refuge with the "Monos"—a numerous tribe of Indians living near Mono Lake.

As an illustration of character, as well as a point in history, it may be well here to state that the Yo Semities, in return for the protection, food and shelter extended to them by their Mono brethren, while the latter were engaged in a series of warlike skirmishes against the "Piutes," stole from them their wives, horses, and everything they could remove, and carried them into the Yo Semite Valley. As soon as the Monos returned and saw what the Yo Semities had done, they induced some of the Piutes to join them; and just before dawn, while the ingrates were sleeping, they swept down upon the Yo Semities like an avalanche or tornado, and nearly exterminated the tribe. Some eight braves, a few old men, women and children were all that were left to tell the sad story. Ingratitude and wrong, in any shape, while "sowing the wind" must certainly "reap the whirlwind," sooner or later—it is only a question of time.

The few remaining Indians, making good their escape, took refuge near Hunt's store, on the Fresno river; and it was from these the writer obtained his guides on his first trip to the Valley in 1855, when collecting materials for "Hutchings' California Magazine," the first number of which appeared in June, 1856.

It is only just, and in the interest of history here to say, that, although a few brief paragraphs in the newspapers of the day chronicling the successes of the Indian expedition above mentioned, merely alluded, incidentally, to the fact of its entering "a little valley where a waterfall had been seen that was estimated to be 1,000 feet high." This was the substance of the first knowledge obtained of this now famous valley. During

the mining and other excitements of the day, its very existence had been overlooked or forgotten by the general public. And but for the enterprise in which the writer was then engaged, the pages of this glorious volume might possibly have remained closed for many subsequent years, but which, through his instrumentality, have been fortunately [opened to the public eye.

### THE RIDE UP THE VALLEY.

At the foot of the mountain you arrive at the cooling, bower-like shade of the trees and shrubs; and see the clear and sparkling water, of almost icy coldness, bubbling up among rocks, or rushing on in the stream, and you may, after your journey down, especially if both you and the weather are warm, be tempted to too hearty a draught. This, however should be studiously resisted for the first day or two, as persons unaccustomed to the pure cold water of Yo Semite are in danger of being uncomfortably troubled with diarrhœa.

Now as you ride across the Bridal Veil meadow, with the "Bridal Veil Fall" in full sight; rainbow hues are toying and playing with its beautiful rockets and mists and sprays; but, knowing that a full afternoon can be well spent in such glorious companionship; and that the setting sun, with scenes of interest on either hand to be viewed as you ride up the valley, admonish not to linger here too long—you had better not tarry.

Fatigued as we may be, every object around us has an interest as we pass this point, or watch that shadow slowly climbing those towering granite walls, when the last rays of the setting sun are quietly draping the highest peaks of this wonderful valley with a purple veil of hazy ether; or, as Mr. Greeley expresses it, in his interesting descriptive visit,—

"That first full, deliberate gaze up the opposite height! can I ever forget it? The valley is here scarcely half a mile wide while its northern wall of mainly naked, perpendicular granite, is at least four thousand feet high—probably more. But the modicum of moonlight that fell into this awful gorge [Mr.

Greeley arrived in the night] gave to that precipice a vagueness of outline, an indefinite vastness, a ghostly and weird spirituality. Had the mountain spoken to me in audible voice, or began to lean over with the purpose of burying me beneath its crushing mass, I should hardly have been surprised. Its whiteness, thrown into bold relief by the patches of trees or shrubs which fringed or flecked it whenever a few handfuls of its mass, slowly decomposed to earth, could contrive to hold on, continually suggested the presence of snow, which suggestion, with difficulty refuted, was at once renewed. And, looking up the valley, we saw just such mountain precipices, barely separated by intervening water-courses of inconsiderable depth, and only receding sufficiently to make room for a very narrow meadow inclosing the river, to the furthest limit of vision."

Our road, for the most part, lies among giant pines, from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet in height, and beneath the refreshing shade of outspreading oaks and other trees. Not a sound breaks the expressive stillness that reigns, save the occasional chirping and singing of birds as they fly to their nests, or the low, distant sighing of the breeze in the tops of the forest. Crystal streams occasionally gurgle and ripple across our path, whose sides are fringed with willows and wild flowers that are ever blossoming, and grass that is ever green. On either side of us stands almost perpendicular cliffs, to the height of thirty-five hundred feet; and on whose rugged faces, or in their uneven tops and sides, here and there a stunted pine struggles to live, and every crag seems crowned with some shrub or tree. The bright sheen of the river occasionally glistens from among the dense foliage of several long vistas that continually open before us. At every step, some new picture of great beauty presents itself, and some new shapes and shadows from trees and mountains form new combinations of light and shade, in this great kaleidoscope of nature.

When nearly opposite the "Pohono," or "Bridal Veil" Fall, by noticing the second high point of the mountain west, a large

head and strikingly noble features of a man in profile can easily be distinguished. This is connected with the legend of Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, alluded to in other portions of this work, who is awaiting the return of his long-lost and lamented Tis-sa-ac.

Here, too, if it is evening, a strong breeze is generally noticed, first among the foliage of the trees, then by its swaying their tops and branches, and afterwards by its refreshing coolness on the brow. This breeze seldom extends beyond a circumference of half a mile in diameter, and probably became the origin of the Indian tradition from whence the name "Pohono" derived its signification. After passing through this cool circle, gusts of warm wind are frequently felt at intervals of some two miles. Having had to ride up the valley many times after sunset, these experiences have almost always been realized.

Shortly after passing Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, on our left, we come in sight of three points which the Indians know as "Pom-pom-pa-sus"—mountains playing leap-frog—but which some lackadaisical person has given the common-place name of "The Three Brothers," beyond which we get the first glimpse of the upper part of the Yo Semite waterfall.

Perhaps we ought previously to have mentioned, that the first waterfall of any magnitude which strikes our attention on entering the valley—and, indeed, on several occasions before reaching the bottom land of the valley—is the "Pohono" (Indian name), or "Bridal Veil" Fall, and which we shall more fully describe when we take a near view of it.

Surrounded by such scenes of loveliness and sublimity, we feel a reluctance to break the charm they throw upon us by any speech; when some one is almost sure to cry out "The Bridge." Here the river is about eighty feet wide, and twelve feet deep.

As we ride along, the "Yo Semite Fall," the "North Dome," "Royal Arches," "Washington Tower," "Cloud's Rest," "South Dome," "Sentinel," and other grand points of interest, now seen only at a distance, impressively suggest the

treat in store for us when we obtain a closer personal interview with their matchless wonders.

Now, notwithstanding the many objects of interest we have passed, we venture, to guess, that one thought has frequently intruded itself, it is this,—“Shall we ever come up to that mountain?” and the length of time consumed in the attempt, especially if the unaccustomed ride has brought with it a corresponding amount of fatigue—would seem to give back the nonchalant and unfeeling answer, “Never!” There is, however, no greater proof of the unrealized altitudes of these mountain sides than this—the time it takes to reach or pass them.

But amidst all these we can hear one ejaculation that seems to contain more real satisfaction in it than any amount of sight-seeing just now. It is this one, “Thank goodness, here is the hotel!” and commending ourselves to its most generous hospitalities—for we need them—we will say good-by to our stage and driver in the hope that a refreshing glass of pure California wine, (or something stronger, if we prefer it, as none but excellent liquors are considered by the landlord to be worth carrying in) a good wash and an acceptable dinner await us.

After the fatigue and excitement of the ride, and the novel circumstances of the past few nights, it is natural to suppose that with a comfortable bed will come refreshing slumbers; yet experience may prove that, weary as we are, it seems such a luxury to lie awake and listen to the splashing, washing, roaring, surging, hissing, seething sound of the great Yo Semite Falls, just opposite; or to pass quietly out of our resting place, and look up between the lofty pines and spreading oaks to the granite cliffs that tower up with such majesty of form and such boldness of outline against the vast ethereal vault of heaven; or watch, in the moonlight, the ever changing shapes and shadows of the water, as it leaps the cloud-draped summit of the mountain, and falls in gusty torrents on the unyielding granite, to be dashed to an infinity of atoms. Then

to return to our welcome couch and dream of some tutelary genius, of immense proportions, extending over us his protecting arms—of his admonishing the waterfall to modulate the music of its voice, that we may sleep and be refreshed.

Some time before the sun can get a good, honest look at us, deep down as we are in this awful chasm, we see him painting his rosy smiles upon the ridges, and etching lights and shadows in the furrows of the mountain's brow, as though he took a pride in showing up, to the best advantage, the wrinkles time has made upon it; but all of us feel too fatigued fully to enjoy the thrilling grandeur and beauty that surrounds us.

But little laborious effort being desired on the first day after arrival, it will be well to rest long and breakfast late. The morning can be devoted to scenes that are near the hotel, and there are enough to employ and charm us. Fortified by a morning of quiet and a substantial lunch, let us in the afternoon, pay a visit to

### THE YO SEMITE FALL.

Crossing the bridge over the main stream, which is here about eighty feet in width and five in depth, we keep down the northern bank of the river for a short distance, to avoid a large portion of the valley in front of the hotel, that is probably overflowed with water.

Presently we reach one of the most beautifully picturesque scenes that eye ever saw. It is the ford. The oak, dogwood, maple, cottonwood, and other trees, form an arcade of great beauty over the sparkling, rippling, pebbly stream, and, in the back ground, the lower fall of the Yo Semite is dropping its sheet of snowy sheen behind a dark middle distance of pines and firs.

As the snow rapidly melts beneath the fiery strength of a hot summer sun, a large body of water, most probably, is rushing past, forming several small streams—which, being comparatively shallow, are easily forded. When within about a hundred and fifty yards of the fall, as numerous large boulders

begin to intercept our progress, we may as well dismount, and, after fastening our animals to some young trees, make our way up to it on foot.

Now a change of temperature soon becomes perceptible, as we advance; and the almost oppressive heat of the centre of the valley is gradually changed to that of chilliness. But up, up, we climb, over this rock, and past that tree, until we reach the foot, or as near as we can advance to it, of the great Yo Semite Fall, when a cold draught of air rushes down upon us from above, about equal in strength to an eight knot breeze; bringing with it a heavy shower of finely comminuted spray, that falls with sufficient force to saturate our clothing in a few moments. From this a beautiful phenomenon is observable—inasmuch as, after striking our hats, the diamond-like mist shoots off at an angle of about thirty-five or forty degrees, and as the sun shines upon it, a number of miniature rainbows are formed all round us.

Those who have never visited this spot, must not suppose that the cloud-like spray that descends upon us is the main fall itself, broken into infinitesimal particles, and becoming nothing but a sheet of cloud. By no means; for, although this stream shoots over the margin of the mountain, nearly five hundred feet above, it falls almost in a solid body—not in a continuous stream exactly, but having a close resemblance to an avalanche of snowy rockets that appear to be perpetually trying to overtake each other in their descent, and mingle one into the other; the whole composing a torrent of indescribable power and beauty.

Huge boulders, and large masses of sharp, angular rocks, are scattered here and there, forming the uneven sides of an immense, and apparently ever-boiling cauldron; around, and in the interstices of which numerous dwarf ferns, weeds, grasses, and flowers, are ever growing, where not actually washed by the falling stream.

It is beyond the power of language to describe the awe-inspiring majesty of the darkly-frowning and overhanging mountain walls of solid granite that here hem us in on every side, as though they would threaten us with instantaneous destruction, if not total annihilation, did we attempt for a moment to deny their power. If man ever feels his utter insignificance, it is when looking upon such a scene of appalling grandeur as the one here presented.

According to the measurements of Mr. Denman, superintendent of Public Schools in San Francisco; of Mr. Peterson, the engineer of the Mariposa and Yo Semite Water Company; and of Mr. Long, county surveyor of Mariposa, the first fall is about seven hundred feet above the level of the valley, while the upper fall is about one thousand four hundred and forty-eight feet, and between the two, measuring about four hundred feet, is a series of rapids rather than a fall, giving the total height of the entire fall at two thousand five hundred and forty-eight feet.\* Our measurement by aneroid barometers was 2640 feet.

After lingering here for several hours, with inexpressible feelings of suppressed astonishment and delight, qualified and intensified by veneration, we may take a long and reluctant last upward gaze, convinced that we shall "never look upon its like again," until we pay it another visit; and, making the best of our way to where our horses are tied, return to the hotel.

### MIRROR LAKE.

After a substantial breakfast, made palatable by that best of all sauces, a good appetite, our guide announces that the horses are ready or that the carriage is waiting. Much of the beauty of the lake consists in the reflection of its glorious surround-

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\* Prof. J. D. Whitney makes the height of this fall to be from 2,537 to 2,641 feet. First fall, 1,500—second, 626—and third, 400. A notice we saw upon a stump, placed there by the State Geological Survey, in 1863, gave its total height above the valley as 2,634 feet. That, we think, should be the preferred measurement.



ings, as here there is one mountain (the South Dome) that is 5,000 feet in height, and another (Mount Watkins,) 4,000 feet and both reflected on the bosom of this lake, something not to be seen in any other portion of the globe. And it is desirable that a reasonably early start should be obtained to see this to the best advantage. Sometimes the unbroken calm of its glassy bosom is not disturbed before twelve o'clock M. At other times the breeze has broken it up by ten o'clock A. M. But generally the mirror is perfect until nearly noon. On account of the early time desirable for setting out on this trip, it is better to postpone it until the second day after arrival, as a premature departure from our couch on the first morning, will generally bring on premature fatigue, and a consequent decrease in the amount of our enjoyment. The distance is only three miles, and we can ride all the way on horseback or in carriage.

Leaving the hotel then, early, we thread our way through the far-stretching vistas of luxuriant green that open before us; the bright sunlight and somber shadows ever winking and twinkling upon the sparkling and gurgling streams that cross our trail, until we emerge on a grassy and flower-covered plateau on the north side of the valley, near the base of the great North Dome, called by the Indians "To-coy-æ." This mountain of naked granite, with scarcely a tree or shrub growing from a single crevice, towers above you to the height of three thousand seven hundred and twenty-five feet. Its sides are nearly perpendicular for more than two thousand feet, and in which a colossal arch is formed, doubtless from the falling of several sections of the rock. This has been designated the "Royal Arch of To-coy-æ." This, we believe, has never been measured; but we should judge its altitude, from the valley to the crown of the arch, to be about one thousand seven hundred feet, and its span about two thousand feet; its depth in, from the face of the rock, is about from fifty to sixty feet.

On our way up we pass the winter quarters of Mr. Lamon on our left, and about half a mile above his cabin we can see his

garden and orchard on our right. (Although Mr. J. C. Lamon did not enter the valley until several years after the writer's first visit in 1853, he was, without doubt, the first *bona fide* settler and actual resident there. His decease in 1875 was cause of much sorrow and surprise to his many friends, and who will cherish his memory for the generous sympathies and noble qualities of the man.) Between the two are several brushy structures in the Indian style of architecture, built by the Mono Indians for the purpose of storing acorns during the winter, in order to give them a supply of that (to them) useful edible during summer. Piñons, or pine-nuts, and acorns are their staple articles of diet. When the supply of piñons fails, acorns are generally abundant, and the Indians visit Yo Semite during fall, in strings of from forty to fifty, for the purpose of packing acorns over the Sierras to Mono for their winter supply. This is generally done by the women! They peel and dry them before packing. When wanted for use they are ground by being pounded on a rock. The tannin is then taken out by means of warm water; and, after boiling it with hot stones dropped into water-tight baskets, it resembles mush and is eaten with the fingers. There is one feature here in early spring that should not be overlooked, and that is the small streams of water that leap down over the granite walls, like falling strings of pearls and diamonds. These add much to the attractiveness of the scene.

Having crossed the plateau, we ride over some rocky hillocks, and among a park-like array of oak trees, until we arrive at Lake Ah-wi-yah, so named and known by the Indians, but which has been newly christened by American visitors "Lake Hiawatha," "Mirror Lake," and several others, which, though pretty enough, are common-place and unsuitable.

On the north and west lie immense rocks that have become detached from the tops of the mountain above; among these grow a large variety of trees and shrubs, many of which stand on and overhang the margin of the lake, and are reflected on

its mirror-like bosom. To the northeast opens a vast gorge or cañon, down which impetuously rush the waters of the north fork of the Merced, known as Tenaiah Creek, and which has its source in the lake of that name, some twelve miles eastward of where it debouches into and supplies the lake.

On the south-east stands the majestic Mount Tis-sa-ack, or "South Dome," five thousand feet in altitude above the valley. Almost one-half of this immense mass, either from some convulsion of nature, or

"Time's effacing fingers,"

has fallen over, by which, most probably, the dam for this lake was first formed. Yet proudly, aye, defiantly erect, it still holds its noble head, and is not only the highest of all those around, but is the greatest attraction of the valley. Moreover, in this are centered many agreeable associations to the Indian mind; as here was once the traditionary home of the guardian spirit of the valley, the angel-like and beautiful *Tis-sa-ack*, after whom her devoted Indian worshippers named this gloriously majestic mountain. While we sit in the shade of these fine old trees, and look upon all the objects around us, mirrored on the unruffled bosom of the lake, let us relate the following interesting legend of Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, after whom the vast perpendicular and massive projecting rock at the lower end of the valley was named, and with which is interwoven this history of Tis-sa-ack.

This legend was told in an eastern journal, by a gentleman residing here, who signs himself "Iota," and who received it from the lips of an old Indian; the relation of which, although several points of interest are omitted, will nevertheless, prove very entertaining:

### THE LEGEND OF TU-TOCK-AH-NU-LAH.

"It was in the unremembered past that the children of the sun first dwelt in Yo Semite. Then all was happiness; for Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah sat on high in his rocky home, and cared for

the people whom he loved. Leaping over the upper plains he, herded the wild deer, that the people might choose the fattest for the feast. He roused the bear from his cavern in the mountain, that the brave might hunt. From his lofty rock he prayed to the Great Spirit, and brought the soft rain upon the corn in the valley. The smoke of his pipe curled into the air, and the golden sun breathed warmly through its blue haze, and ripened the crops, that the women might gather them in. When he laughed, the face of the winding river was rippled with smiles; when he sighed the wind swept sadly through the sighing pines; if he spoke, the sound was like the deep voice of the cataract; and when he smote the far-striding bear, his whoop of triumph rang from crag to gorge—echoed from mountain to mountain. His form was straight like the arrow, and elastic like the bow. His foot was swifter than the red deer, and his eye was strong and bright like the rising sun.

“But one morning, as he roamed, a bright vision came before him, and then the soft colors of the West were in his lustrous eye. A maiden sat upon the southern granite dome that rises its gray head among the highest peaks. She was not like the dark maidens of the tribe below, for the yellow hair rolled over her dazzling form, as golden waters over silver rocks; her brow beamed with the pale beauty of the moonlight, and her blue eyes were as the far-off hills before the sun goes down. Her little foot shone like the snow-tufts on the wintry pines, and its arch was like the spring of a bow. Two cloud-like wings wavered upon her dimpled shoulders, and her voice was as the sweet, sad tone of the night-bird of the woods.

“‘Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah,’ she softly whispered; then gliding up the rocky dome, she vanished over its rounded tops. Keen was the eye, quick was the ear, swift was the foot of the noble youth as he sped up the rugged path in pursuit; but the soft down from her snowy wings was wafted into his eyes, and he saw her no more.

"Every morning now did the enamored Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah leap the stony barriers, and wander over the mountains, to meet the lovely Tis-sa-ack. Every day he laid sweet acorns and wild flowers upon her dome. His ear caught her footstep, though it was light as the falling leaf; his eye gazed upon her beautiful form, and into her gentle eyes; but never did he speak before her, and never again did her sweet-toned voice fall upon his ear. Thus did he love the fair maid, and so strong was his thought of her that he forgot the crops of Yo Semite, and they, without rain, wanting his tender care, quickly drooped their heads, and shrunk. The wind whistled mournfully through the wild corn, the wild bees stored no more honey in the hollow tree, for the flowers had lost their freshness, and the green leaves became brown. Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah saw none of this, for his eyes were dazzled by the shining wings of the maiden. But Tis-sa-ack looked with sorrowing eyes over the neglected valley, when early in the morning she stood upon the gray dome of the mountain; so, kneeling on the smooth, hard rock, the maiden besought the Great Spirit to bring again the bright flowers and delicate grasses, green trees, and nodding acorns.

"Then, with an awful sound, the dome of granite opened beneath her feet, and the mountain was riven asunder, while the melting snow from the Sierras gushed through the wonderful gorge. Quickly they formed a lake between the perpendicular walls of the cleft mountain, and sent a sweet murmuring river through the valley. All then was changed. The birds dashed their little bodies into the pretty pools among the grasses, and fluttering out again, sang for delight; the moisture crept silently through the parched soil; the flowers sent up a fragrant incense of thanks; the corn gracefully raised its drooping head; and the sap, with velvet footfall, ran up into the trees, giving life and energy to all. But the maid, for whom the valley had suffered, and through whom it had been again clothed with beauty, had disappeared as strangely as she came. Yet, that all might hold her memory in their hearts, she left

the quiet lake, the winding river, and *yonder half-dome*, which still bears her name, '*Tis sa-ack.*' It is five thousand feet by a recent measurement, and every evening it catches the last rosy rays that are reflected from the snowy peak above. As she flew away, small downy feathers were wafted from her wings, and where they fell—on the margin of the lake—you will now see thousands of little white violets.

“When Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah knew that she was gone, he left his rocky castle and wandered away in search of his lost love. But that the Yo Semites might never forget him, with the hunting-knife in his bold hand he carved the outlines of his noble head upon the rock that bears his name. And there they still remain, three thousand feet in the air, guarding the entrance to the beautiful valley which had received his loving care.”

If a precautionary provision was not made in the morning for our noon repast, by this time an admonishing voice from the organs of digestion will be seductively suggestive of an early departure for the hotel. On our way we should by no means deny ourselves the gratification of a visit to Lamon's Garden. Our lunch snugly disposed of, succeeded by a good rest, let us take a delightful ride of four miles, and pay an afternoon's visit to

### THE “POHONO” OR BRIDAL VEIL WATERFALL.

Visitors generally prefer paying a visit to the Pohono Fall, before undertaking those of greater difficulty at the upper end of the Valley, that they may become somewhat better rested from the fatigue of the journey. Let us, therefore, not be out of the fashion, but take a quiet ride down the south side of the valley at once; and the first point of striking interest we shall notice on our left will be Sentinel Rock, a lofty and solitary peak, upon which the watch-fires of the Indians have often been lighted to give warning of approaching danger; and which can readily be seen from all the principal points within and around the valley.

Further on we see a singular group of peaks, that will resemble almost any thing we can conjure up, according to the

time of day we may be passing, as every change in the position of the sun will give a new set of shadows; but that which it most resembles is the dilapidated front of some grand old cathedral, [it is named Cathedral Spires,] with towers and buttresses; and in one place, a circle that strong imagination can make into a clock, which will indicate the time of day.

This passed, we come in front of the Pohono Fall. After threading our way among trees and bushes, over rocks and watercourses, it becomes necessary that we should dismount and tie our animals, as the remaining distance is over a rough ascent of rocks, which will have to be accomplished on foot. As this is short, we shall thread our way among bushes and boulders, without much difficulty, until the heavy spray from the Fall saturates our clothing, and the velvety softness of the moist grasses growing upon the little ridge we have climbed, reminds us that the goal of our desire is reached.

It is impossible to portray the feeling of awe, wonder, and admiration—almost amounting to adoration—that thrills our very souls as we look upon this enchanting scene. The gracefully undulating and wavy sheets of spray, that fall in gauze-like and ethereal folds; now expanding now contracting; now glittering in the sunlight, like a veil of diamonds; now changing into one vast and many-colored cloud, that throws its misty drapery over the falling torrent, as if in very modesty, to veil its unspeakable beauty from our too eagerly admiring sight.

In order to see this to the best advantage, the eye should take in only the foot of the fall at first, then a short section upward, then higher, until, by degrees, the top is reached. In this way the majesty of the waterfall is more fully realized and appreciated.

The stream itself—about forty feet in width—resembles an avalanche of watery rockets, that shoots out over the precipice above you, at the height of nearly nine hundred feet, and then leaps down, in one unbroken train, to the immense cauldron of boulders beneath, where it surges and boils in its angry fury,

throwing up large volumes of spray, over which the sun forms two or more magnificent rainbows which arch the abyss.

Like most other tributaries of the main middle fork of the Merced, this stream falls very low toward the close of the summer, but is seldom, if ever, entirely dry. When we visited the valley in June, 1855, this branch did not contain more than one-tenth the water usually seen in the month of May or June.

This brook has its origin in a lake at the foot of a bold, crescent-shaped, perpendicular rock, about thirteen miles above the edge of the Pohono Fall. As several Indians have lost their lives in the stream, their exceedingly acute and superstitious imaginations have made it bewitched.

An Indian woman was out gathering seeds, a short distance above the fall, when, by some mishap, she lost her balance and fell into the stream, and the force of the current carried her down with such velocity, that before any assistance could be rendered, she was swept over the precipice, and was never seen afterward.

"Pohono," from whom the stream and waterfall received their musical Indian name, is an evil spirit, whose breath is a blighting and fatal wind, and, consequently is to be dreaded and shunned. On this account, whenever, from necessity, the Indians have to pass it, a feeling of distress steals over them, and they fear it as much as the wandering Arab does the simoons of the African desert; they hurry past it at the height of their speed. To point at the waterfall, when traveling in the valley, to their minds is certain death. No inducement could be offered sufficiently large to tempt them to sleep near it. In fact, they believe that they hear the voices of those who have been drowned there, perpetually warning them to shun "Pohono."

How much more desirable is it to perpetuate these expressive Indian names—many of which embody the superstitious and highly imaginative characteristics of the Indian mind—than to give them Anglicized ones, be they ever so pretty. We think



the name of "Bridal Veil Fall" is not only by far the most musical and suitable of any or of all others yet given; but is the only one worthy of the object named; and yet, we confess, that we should much prefer the beautiful and expressive Indian name of "Pohono," to that of "Bridal Veil."

The vertical, and at some points, overhanging mountains on either side of the Pohono, possess quite as much interest as the fall itself, and add much to the grandeur and magnificence of the whole scene. A tower-shaped rock, about three thousand feet in height, standing at the southwest side of the fall, and nearly opposite "Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah," has on its top a number of projecting rocks that very much resemble canon. In order to assist in perpetuating the beautiful legend before given concerning that Indian semi-deity, we shall take the liberty of christening this point Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah's Citadel.

Other wild and weird-like points of equal interest stand before us, on the summit and among the niches of every cliff; so that it is not this or that particular rock that attracts, so much as the infinite variety, all of which are so distinctly different. The line of shadow, we can see, is rapidly climbing the mountain, and we had better retrace our steps to the hotel.

As we sit in the stillness and twilight of evening, thinking over and conversing about the wondrous scenes our eyes have looked upon this day; or listen, in silence, to the deep music of the distant waterfalls, our hearts seem full to overflowing with a sense of the grandeur, wildness, beauty and profoundness to be felt and enjoyed when communing with the glorious works of nature, which call to mind those expressive lines of Moore:

"The earth shall be my fragrant shrine!  
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;  
My censor's breath, the mountain airs;  
And silent thoughts, my only prayers."

By this time it is to be hoped that all of our party have been sufficiently toughened by exercise and rest to endure the fatigue of the trip we are about to take. Let us now set out for the "Pi-wy-ack," or Vernal, and "Yo-wi-ye," or Nevada, falls.

It is always well to start as early as we conveniently can, without hurrying ourselves too much, as by this course we obtain many advantages that need not now be enumerated; therefore, as soon as the sun has begun to wink at us from among the pine trees on the mountain-tops, we may as well start.

At first, we pass round the granite points that extend into the level meadow land, just above the hotel; then, as we advance, the valley gradually widens, and, with the oak-trees growing at irregular intervals of distance, reminds us of the beautiful parks of Europe, especially those of England and France.

On our right is Glacier Point a high wall of granite, nearly perpendicular, to the height of three thousand two hundred feet—down which several small, silvery, ribbon-like streams are leaping. Here and there, from the sides of this vast mountain, a single tree or shrub is standing alone. Surmounting one of the lower points of rock, several rugged peaks unite, and resemble an immense hospice, which has, not inappropriately, been named Mt. St. Bernard. Another has a distant kinship, in form at least, with a bear. Another, a huge head. In fact, you can look at the various parts of the mountain, and trace a resemblance to a hundred different objects; and as the shadows change, when the day advances, to as many more. On our left stand the Royal Arches, Washington Tower, North and South Domes, and other objects of absorbing interest. Numerous majestic trees overshadow the way, such as the yellow pine (*Pinus ponderosa*), silver firs (*Picea grandis*), the cedar (*Libocedrus decurrens*), the black oak (*Quercus sonomensis*), with here and there a Douglas spruce (*Abies Douglasii*), and an occasional dogwood or two. By the streams can be found the balm of Gilead (*Populus balsamifera*), and the alder (*Alnus viridis*) in considerable abundance. On the debris piles large numbers of the live oak (*Quercus chrysolepis*) and maples (*Acer macrophyllum*) are found. Shrubs of various kinds are abundant, among the most beautiful and most fragrant stands the white azalea (*Azalea occidentalis*); then comes the pungent-

flavored and aromatic laurel (*Tetranthera Californica*)—the latter is occasionally seen six inches in diameter, and could be classed among trees—and many others. Flowers of many kinds are abundant, such as the yellow and purple evening primroses (*Oenothera*), larkspur, and also a very pretty pink everlasting (*Spraguea*). But to give a complete list of trees, shrubs and flowers would fill a volume.

About two miles above the upper hotel we arrive at, and continue up, the southern bank of the Merced, beneath a bower of trees and shrubs, over the roughest and rockiest portion of the trail. Formerly visitors used to tie their horses here, and make the ascent on foot, but a well constructed trail now induces visitors to ride up to Register Rock, about one-third of a mile from the foot of the Vernal Fall, and even far above the top of it to Snow's Casa Nevada Hotel (about midway between the Vernal and Nevada Falls) or nearly to the summit of the Fall. While gazing at its beauties, let us, now and forever, earnestly protest against the perpetuation of any other nomenclature to this wonder, than "Pi-wy-ack," the name given to it by the Indians, which means "a shower of sparkling crystals," while "Vernal" could, with much more appropriateness, be bestowed upon the name-giver; as the fall itself is one vast sheet of sparkling brightness and snowy whiteness, in which there is not the slightest approximation, even in the tint, to anything "vernal."

If we go on foot by the "Ladders" (steps) we are soon enveloped in a sheet of heavy spray, driven down upon us in such force as to resemble a heavy storm of comminuted rain. Now, many might suppose that this would be annoying, but it is not, except when the river is very high (then it should not be attempted), although the only really unpleasant part of the trip is that which we have here to take, on a steep hill-side, and through a wet, alluvial soil, from which, at every footstep, the water spirts out, much to the inconvenience and discomfort of ladies—especially of those who wear long dresses. As the distance through this is but short, it is soon accomplished,

and in a few minutes we stand in Fern Grotto at the foot of The Ladders, beneath a large, overhanging rock and up against an almost perpendicular wall.

### THE PI-WY-ACK OR "VERNAL" FALL.

By the measurements of different gentlemen, whose figures approximate, the height of this fall is given at three hundred and fifty feet. Prof. J. D. Whitney says: "Our measurements give, all the way, from 315 to 475 feet." But as the professor ascribes the difference to the height of the water, at the various seasons, instead of, as we think, to the difference (160 feet) in the calculations, we regret our inability to concur in his conclusions.

The usual route now traveled is on the excellent trail, built by Mr. A. Snow, by which persons can ride on horseback the whole of the way to the top, and avoid the spray—and lose the sight too—unless the horses are tied at Register Rock, and the Lady Franklin Rock (from where a superb view of the Vernal Fall is obtained) be made on foot.

At the summit of the ridge, or from the top of the ladders, the Nevada Fall, and the Cap of Liberty stand in all their glory before you. It is a scene never to be forgotten.

It is almost always better to go to Snow's Casa Nevada Hotel, soon after reaching the rocky plateau lying between the foot of the Nevada fall and the top of the Vernal; for there are so many attractive scenes here, and such beautiful ferns, and flowers, and mosses, to invite our attention, that one is apt to overlook fatigue and suppress the admonitions of the "voice within," at the expense of future comfort.

### THE YO-WI-YE OR "NEVADA" FALL.

After a good rest, however, and an excellent lunch, one is better prepared to enjoy the many wondrous sights by which he is so lavishly surrounded. The roar of the fall, and the billowy spray that in early spring rolls out in such eddying masses, will be the first to summon attention. The log which forms a bridge

over the hurrying and foaming river is soon reached and crossed, and a pathway found among the boulders to the base of the fall, or as near to it as the driving mists will allow. Then comes the sight—one that fills to overflowing with its unutterable impressiveness—that in reverential silence and with uncovered head leads to the self-asked question: “Is this not the footstool of His throne? and the place whereon we stand, ‘holy ground’?”

But, reluctantly as it may be, one must turn away; and, with Mr. Gradgrind, “keep to facts.” On looking up it can be readily seen that this fall differs in form to either of the others; for, although it shoots over the precipice in a curve, it soon strikes the smooth surface of the mountain and spreads out into a sheet of marvelously snowy whiteness and of burnished brightness, widening as it descends, until it sometimes exceeds one hundred feet at the pool into which it rushes. The height of this fall is given at seven hundred feet.

This point being as far as visitors generally go, we will, for the present, if you please, ask the guide to take our horses down to Register Rock, while we say good-by to our genial host and his wife, and then seek the wondrous scenes below, on foot.

Soon after leaving “Snow’s” we find ourselves upon the bridge that here spans the river. Listening to the roar of the fall above, we naturally turn our faces towards it, and then look down into the apparently insignificant stream beneath us, and think, can this be the whole of the main Merced River? It scarcely seems possible, but so it is. Its narrow, rock-bound and deep, trough-like channel confines it to a width seldom exceeding ten feet. While it is swashing and rushing on, let us turn our gaze to the opposite side, and towards

### THE DIAMOND CASCADE.

We now readily appreciate the apposite character of its name; for, down, down the whole river is leaping, as if in very wantonness and exultation at the liberty gained; and,

being seized with an uncontrollable fit of frolicking, is tossing up diamonds (of the purest water) with a prodigality and apparent improvidence that would shock the sensitive acquisitiveness of "My Uncle," if he could see it. By the demureness of its demeanor, however, below, as it "pursues the even tenor of its way," it would seem to be laughing in its sleeve, while it says : "You see, I was only in fun—don't mind me !" Around a jutting point of rock, we reach

### THE SILVER APRON.

Having again quieted down to business habits, the Merced is here hurrying over the bare granite with the speed of a locomotive. By pieces of wood thrown upon the current, its power and speed can be measured. An English gentleman once concluded this to be an excellent place to take his accustomed bath ; but, as soon as he reached the current he was instantly lifted from his feet and rapidly carried down to the Emerald Pool, about one hundred and fifty feet, almost at the cost of his life, and absolutely with the loss of much abraded cuticle. Let us leave this interesting spot and look at

### THE EMERALD POOL.

This is a beautiful lake, or pool, whose waters are, as its name signifies, "emerald." The river's current, driving with great force into its upper margin, causes a constant succession of waves to disturb its surface, especially during the Spring flow. Its mountainous surroundings, trees, and boulders add much to its picturesque character.

Descending toward the top of the Vernal Fall, one can look upon its diamond-studded lip; or, leaning against "The Balustrade" (a natural wall of granite about four feet high, that seems to have been constructed by nature for the especial benefit and convenience of people with weak nerves), look down over the precipice into the abyss below, following the stream wonderingly with our eyes; or watch the ever-changing form, and sparkling drops of sheeny spray that clothe the surface

of the fall. Sometimes a beautiful rainbow spans its foot, extending from bank to bank, completely bridging the billowy mist and angry foam below.

Now, let us seek the "Ladders," so called, from the original, but which have been transformed into substantial steps, by which we can descend to

### FFRN GROTTO,

and to the base of the Vernal Fall. Here a portion of the mountain has been removed, and left a large cave or grotto, in the interstices of which numerous ferns, the *Adiantum pedatum*, mainly one of the Maiden Hair species, formerly grew in considerable abundance; but, constant plucking of the leaves and removal of the roots, have shorn it of its fern-like character—at least where they could be reached without danger.

Descending the trail, (a poor apology for one), we feel the impressive glory of this sublime waterfall at our right. Who can describe it? How often is it that impressions change with our conditions and moods? At one time we feel that the Piwy-ack is the most suggestive of Infinite Power; at another, the Yo-wi-ye; then the Yo Semite, with its beauty and magical changes, charms us into the feeling that we are in the very presence of The Father. In any mood or condition, this fact stands joyfully out: "It is good to be here;" no matter which may be the favored spot.

At the foot of the fall we watch its rolling, shooting and rocket-formed mass; now white with light, or sparkling with brightness, until it descends into the apparently seething basin at its base, and then drives out volumes of misty spray, out of which rainbows are built, as if to arch it with a halo; while other portions are draped in billowy cloud that eddies and rises to throw a veil over its superlative beauty. Hours might here be pleasantly spent, but we must hurry through the spray to our horses; and while some are returning to the hotel, let us retrace our steps, at least in imagination, as some more enthusiastic natures yearn to see what there is of interest above and

beyond the Yo-wi-ye Fall. To gratify these let us first climb to the top of

### THE CAP OF LIBERTY.

This is the name given to the striking mass of almost perpendicular rock that stands boldly out at the north side of the Nevada Fall. Its altitude above the foot of the fall is estimated at about two thousand feet. The singularity and majesty of its presence are impressed upon every beholder. Numerous aspirants, or their friends, have attempted to attach individual names to it, such as "Mount Francis," "Mount Gwin," "Bel-lows Butte," "Mount Broderick," and others; but these names, however highly thought of in the circles among which their owners lived, have not been respected in connection with this magnificent formation.

On reaching it, our first attention will be called to a group of large juniper trees (*Juniper occidentalis*), two of which are ten feet each in diameter. There are also a few stunted Douglas spruce trees, and several dwarf shrubs belonging to some variety of oak with which we are unacquainted. How they find sustenance, or even foothold, on such an apparently barren mass of naked granite is a mystery to us. Down, deep down, in the Yo Semite Valley, meanders the Merced. The tall pines, everywhere abundant, appearing about the size of walking-canes. But, if we have courage, let us go to its southeastern corner, and holding firmly to the rock, look down the almost vertical precipice upon the Nevada Fall. All will confess that this sight alone repays us. So that the Yo Semite Fall, the Sentinel Dome, Mount Starr King, and above all, the apparently omnipresent South Dome, with numerous other wonderful mountains, are all thrown into the bargain. Descending to the meadow-land at the back of the Cap of Liberty, on our way to Cloud's Rest, let us take a hasty glance at

### THE LITTLE YO SEMITE VALLEY.

Our course now lies up and across the numerous spurs that hem in, or rather that almost monopolize and form the so-called



valley, with the exception, perhaps, of from a third to a half mile on both sides of the stream. Numerous clumps of fir-trees and pines stand here and there, some on the banks of the river, and some in moist places, that, during a short season of the year, are shallow lakes. Numerous grouse and mountain quail whirr past us—simply, as we think, perhaps, to torment us, as on this occasion most likely we have no gun, knowing that at other times when we had, we found no use for one. By the side of every little hillock, especially at the bottom of the spurs, there are deer trails, deeply worn, and full of recent imprints of their feet; also those of the cinnamon and grizzly bear. On the limited portions of alluvial soil, a thick growth of short, fine grass is growing, resembling the buffalo grass of the plains. On the low ridges or spurs in the valley, there is also an abundance of tuft or bunch grass.

The mountains on either side of this valley, are, if possible, more singular than those of the great Yo Semite Valley, on account of the formation being distinctly different. For instance, a large and uneven, yet sugar-loaf shaped bluff, at its eastern extremity, near another waterfall, has a wide belt of reddish, fine-grained granite near its base, and which extends from the one side to the other; similar layers of rock continue, although of different kinds and colors, to the very summit of the bluff, while that in the valley below is of gray granite almost exclusively. The waterfall at the head of this valley, and two and a half miles from the Yo-wi-ye, might more properly be denominated a cascade, as the main body of water forming the river rushes down an inclined plane of about 150 feet in length, at an angle of about 30°. The mountains on either side being lofty, rugged, pine-studded, and precipitous, add much to the grandeur as well as beauty of the scene.

Up we climb, for the most part over ancient moraines, that are several miles in extent, with here and there the sheen of glacier polish upon the mountain side to the height of thousands of feet. Here it may be pertinent to remark that from one end

of the Sierras to the other, where erosion has not obliterated the traces, there are unmistakable evidences that glaciers once existed *exceeding four thousand feet in thickness*. Having crossed the high Sierra in over twenty places, and sought the untrodden fastnesses of her deep cañons and lofty peaks, we can bear testimony to the interesting fact; and, did the limits of this work permit, could lay before the reader abundant proof that this not a theory merely, but a great reality. Indeed, this system has had much to do with the formation of the Yo Semite Valley; but of this hereafter.

As we ascend we thread our way through vast forests of pine (*Pinus Jeffreyi*, *Pinus Lambertiana*, *Pinus monticola* and *Pinus contorta*) and also silver firs (*Picea amabilis*, *Picea grandis*, and occasionally *Picea nobilis*) with here and there, by the streams, the alder (*alnus virinis*) with other trees and shrubs. At each bold stand point gained, the outlook of mountain scenes becomes more and more captivating, until at last we find ourselves within a couple of hundred yards of

### CLOUD'S REST.

It is a remarkable coincidence that frequently when there is not another cloud visible in the firmament, there is one to be seen lingering upon this mountain. This fact will at once suggest the exceeding appropriateness of the name. Seen from the Yo Semite Valley it is a point of striking interest; but when standing upon its storm-defying summit, it becomes idealized as the climax of scenic glory. When once conducting Mr. Louis Prang, the eminent chromo lithographer of Boston, and his daughter to this remarkable view, after many others, he exclaimed: "Ah! Mr. H., you have kept the best until the last—this excells them all."

One vast panorama, embracing an area of over fifty miles, is opened out before us. Nestling valleys, pine-margined lakes, bleak mountain peaks—lonely and desolate—and deep gorges half filled with snow are on every hand. To the eastward, far above the timber line (here about 10,800 feet high), stands

boldly out Mt. Hoffman, 10,900 feet above sea level; Mt. Tuolumne, 11,000 feet; Mt. Gibbs, 13,090 feet; Mt. Dana, 13,260 feet; Mt. Lyell, 13,400 feet; Echo Peak, 11,430 feet; Temple Peak, 11,250 feet; Cathedral Peak, 11,200 feet; Mt. Clark, (formerly known as Gothic Peak, the Obelisk, etc.,) 11,100 feet, with numerous others that are, as yet, nameless; while the point upon which we are supposed to be standing (Cloud's Rest) is about 10,000 feet. Professor W. H. Brewer, in the old Yo Semite Hotel register (Hutchings') thus wrote: "From Yo Semite to the Summit of the Sierra Nevadas there abounds more grand scenery than can be found in any other portion of the State"—and with this view before us who can doubt it?

Turning our eyes westward, we look down upon the crown of the South Dome, which, like Cloud's Rest, has a kind of bold omnipresence to all the other scenes around the great valley, each of which can be readily traced from our present stand point. But who can paint the haze-clothed heights and depths of the wonderful views before us? Almost at our feet, 6,000 feet beneath us, sleeps Mirror Lake; yonder, the North Dome, the Yo Semite Fall, Eagle Point, El Capitan, Sentinel Dome, Glacier Point, and many others that margin the glorious Yo Semite. Verily it must be seen to be realized.

In order to visit this impressive spot to advantage, parties should spend the night at Snow's, both going and returning. To those whose time is limited, however, the valley should be left in the afternoon, and the night spent at Snow's hotel, and an early start be secured the following morning; so that the trip up could be made in the morning, and down to the Yo Semite Valley in the afternoon—not leaving Cloud's Rest later than 2 P. M. Before we descend, however, let us pay a visit to

### THE TOP OF THE SOUTH DOME.

Until the fall of 1875, the storm-beaten summit of this magnificent land-mark had never been trodden by human feet, although many unsuccessful efforts, (by the writer, as well as others) had been made to reach it. That honor was at last to

fall to the lot of a brave young Scotchman, named George G. Anderson, a native of Montrose. By dint of pluck, perseverance, and personal daring, it was accomplished at 3 o'clock P. M. of October 12th, 1875. To do this, the rock was drilled, and some forty iron pins, from six to seven feet apart, were driven firmly in. To these a small rope was securely fastened. The distance climbed by rope, (lying loosely on the granite) was nine hundred and seventy-five feet.

Before resorting to this, numerous other experiments were tried, such as besmearing his hands and feet with turpentine ; then, by fastening coarse bagging to his extremities, and covering it with pitch ; but after falling several times—once nearly fatally—he abandoned all of these as inadequate and impracticable, and adopted the one mentioned.

As soon as it was known that the top of the South Dome had been successfully reached, four English gentlemen, then sojourning in the valley, were induced to climb it. A day or two afterwards Miss S. L. Dutcher, of San Francisco, with the courage of a heroine, accomplished the feat—and was the first lady that ever stood upon its exalted summit. In July, 1876, Miss L. E. Pershing, of Pittsburgh, Pa., the writer, and three others, found their way there. In October following, six persons,—among them an aged lady in her sixty-fifth year, and a young girl, thirteen years of age (the daughter of the writer, and the first white child born in Yo Semite,) and two other ladies reached it without great difficulty. Now, Mr. Anderson is busily employed building steps up it, so that every one can avail themselves of the opportunity of having—without doubt—the finest, most impressive, and most glorious view to be witnessed in any portion of the world yet known to man. As Yo Semite has not its counterpart, or equal, upon earth, so is this view, in our judgment, utterly without a rival. See it, and judge for yourselves.

The summit contains about ten acres where persons can securely walk. There are eight trees growing there, the centre

one (that, from the valley, seems like a small bush), having twelve small ones growing out of its main trunk. The largest is about two feet six inches in diameter, and sixteen feet in height. There are three different species of pine tree here; the *Pinus Jeffreyi*, *Pinus monticola*, and *Pinus contorta*, besides numerous shrubs, flowers, and grasses. A "chip-munk," lizard, and some grasshoppers have taken up their isolated pre-emption claims. Before descending, let us find our way to the vertical side that looms up so grandly from Mirror Lake. Here we can sit down securely and allow our limbs to swing over a precipice of five thousand feet. Upon this point Mr. Anderson stood, unsteadied, except by good nerves, while the view was photographed. But now let us leave this unequaled scene, and give the following account of an

#### EARLY ATTEMPT TO REACH THE TOP OF SOUTH DOME.

"If you feel like making the experiment of climbing it," said two excellent and companionable friends in the summer of 1869, "we are ready to accompany you, and will take you by the Indian trail up the mountain; but it is a very difficult and fatiguing undertaking, we assure you, accompanied with some danger." The chances were accepted.

On, on we march, in Indian file, until we are nearly on the margin of the river. When we reach it, we find that a small, yet tall tree has fallen across to form a bridge, over which we walk, while the thundering water splashes and surges as it sweeps against the rocks, much to the discomposure of the nervous system of some, knowing that we have to follow suit, or stay behind.

This accomplished, we soon begin the ascent of the mountain over loose fragments of *debris*, and among huge masses of fallen rocks, lying at the side of the mountain, and in the bed of a small but very deep cañon; but these are soon left behind, and we have to commence climbing around and over points of rocks, walking on narrow edges, or feeling our way past some projecting point, or tree, or shrub; steadying ourselves by a

twig, or crevice, or jutting rock; or holding on with our feet, as well as our hands, knowing that a slip will send us down several hundred feet, into the deep abyss that yawns beneath.

In some places, where the ledges of rock are high and smooth, broken branches of trees have been placed, so as to enable the Indians to climb above them; and then, by removing the means of their ascent, cut off the pursuit of any advancing foe. These, although risky places to travel over, and in no way inviting to a nervous man, are of considerable assistance in the accomplishment of our task.

After an exciting and fatiguing exercise, of about three hours, we reach a large projecting rock, that forms a cave. Here we take a rest of a few minutes, and then renew our efforts to reach the top of the mountain. A little before noon this is accomplished.

To our great comfort and satisfaction, a cool and refreshing breeze is blowing upon us as soon as we reach the summit; and this is especially welcome, as the heat, on the sheltered side, by which we have ascended, has been very oppressive, pouring down upon us from a hot sun, without the slightest breeze to fan, or shadow to shelter us, as we climb.

The reader must not anticipate our narrative, by supposing that the difficult task of ascending the Great Dome is now accomplished; far from it; for, although we have reached the top of the elevated plateau, or mountain ridge, to the height of about three thousand seven hundred feet above the valley, the great, bald-headed object of our aspirations is still lifting its proud summit more than a thousand feet above us.

While advancing toward Tis-sa-ack, looking out for some point where the ascent can be most successfully attempted, we come upon the projecting margin of the immense granite wall of rock seen from below; and, as we stand upon it, looking down into the far off and misty depth of the valley beneath, with the river winding hither and thither, no language can describe the appalling grandeur and frightful profoundness of the scene.

Steadying ourselves against a stunted pine tree, that has been toughened and strengthened by its perpetual struggles with the tempests and storms of many a year, and which is growing from a narrow crevice in the granite mass on either side, we roll several large, round rocks, that lie temptingly near the edge of the precipice, into the abyss beneath; when we are surprised to find that many seconds elapse before they are heard to strike on the bare rock below. It is our opinion that this precipice cannot be less than two thousand seven hundred feet in perpendicular altitude.

Without lingering too long, we again start on our enterprise and find that on this, the south side of the Dome, it is utterly impossible to climb up; so we work our way through a dense, though comparatively dwarfish growth of manzanita bushes, growing at the base of the Dome (which makes sad havoc in broadcloth unmentionables), and about two o'clock P. M. reach the foot of a low, flattish, dome-shaped point of rock, that lies at the back or eastern side of the great Tis-sa-ack, and which is not seen from the valley.

As we have not found a single drop of water to assuage our thirst, since we left the river, and the day and the exercise are alike provocative of it, our gratification is strong at the sight of a snow bank, snugly ensconced in the shade, on the north side of the Dome. We now quicken our footsteps, and soon find ourselves sitting comfortably beside it taking lunch. An abundance of good water being found issuing from a crevice in the rock, a short distance down the mountain, we repair thither to finish our repast, and take a good, hearty draught, before attempting the ascent. Here we find several new varieties of flowering shrubs, in addition to some bulbous roots, and very pretty mosses.

The inner man being satisfied, the rapidly descending sun admonishes us to make the best of daylight to accomplish the task we have set ourselves. Accordingly, we repair to the Lower Dome, which is one immense spur of granite, belonging

to the Great Dome; and its surface, by time and the elements, is made tolerably rough, there is found comparatively but little difficulty in climbing it, especially with a little assistance.

In some of the fissures or seams of this rock, some low stunted shrubs are growing. When we reach the top of the Lower Dome, which is, perhaps, about four hundred and fifty feet above the average level of the main ridge, to our dismay and disappointment, we find that not only is the gently rounding surface of the Great Dome itself at an angle of about fifty-five or sixty degrees, but is overlaid and overlapped, so to speak, with vast circular granite shingles—as smooth as glass—about eighteen inches in thickness, and extending around the Dome as far as our eyes can reach. These put every hope to flight, of our feet, or those of any other visitors, ever treading upon the lofty crown of this dome, without extensive artificial adjuncts to aid in its accomplishment. On the top of this immense mountain of smooth rock, one solitary pine is growing; and although it is barely discernible from the valley, (and not at all from the Lower Dome, where we are standing), by the aid of a telescope, it is seen to be a tree of goodly size.

Much disappointed at the failure of the principal object of the enterprise, we will place our national banner upon the highest point attainable, in the hope that the day is not far distant when the number of visitors who shall annually come to worship at this sublime temple of nature, may create the necessity for the construction of a strong iron staircase to the very summit of Mount Tis-sa ack; and, that from the topmost crown of her noble head, the stars and stripes may wave triumphantly, as from this elevation the whole surrounding country can be seen afar off, and a thousand times fully reward the perseverance necessary to the ascent.

On our way to the valley, let us take one glimpse into the depths below, from



## THE SUMMIT OF THE YO-WI-YE FALLS.

On reaching the top, near the edge of the fall, we find the rock very smooth and bare for many rods, with here and there a stunted tree, living on a short allowance of soil, in a narrow crevice. At the back of this bare rock is a limited forest of pines and firs. Huge boulders and masses of granite lie scattered here and there. The river, for some distance above, forms a series of rapids. As a dam is built across the stream about a quarter of a mile from the fall, and the smooth rock to the eastward forms another barrier to our progress in that direction, let us cross to the edge of the Merced, and take one brief glance down into the gulf into which the Yo-wi-ye (Nevada) is leaping.

Lying down upon a flat and solid rock, apparently formed—like the balustrade at the head of the Pi-wy-ack (or Vernal) Fall—for the purpose of enabling the beholder safely to see those wonderful sights, let us have one good look at the majesty and glory beneath us. The fall, as it daringly leaps its rocky rim, soon strikes the inclining wall, and apparently forms into an immense mass of wavy, lacy folds, composed from top to bottom of sparkling diamonds, now swaying to this side, now draping the other. The base—as if to make the whole scene a miniature heaven, and, if possible, convey to man some faint idea of the outer footstool of the Almighty throne—is spanned with rainbows; while the beautiful river hurries on heedlessly, the grand mountains around standing sentinel carelessly; and, as the mantle of night will soon embrace them in its somber folds, and cover up and change it into “weird spirituality,” unless we wish to take lodgings under its cold coverlet, let us up and be going.

## THE TU-LOOL-WE-ACK, OR SOUTH CANYON FALL.

It will be remembered that, in riding up the uneven trail to the Vernal and Nevada falls, we crossed a stream of considerable volume, divided into two or three branches; this came down

the Tu-lool-we ack,\* or South Cañon. About two miles above the crossing alluded to, up the rough bed of the stream, we come to another large fall, which, although but seldom seen, it will be well for us to visit.

This crossing is about three miles above the upper hotel, and is the usual place of tying animals, at which point we leave the trail and soon find that, poor as it undoubtedly is, we are prepared to accord to it any amount of excellence, in comparison with the steep, boulder-filled, and trailless cañon of the South Fork.

Here we have to stoop or creep beneath low arches; there we assist each other to climb a rock; yonder a spur shoots out from the mountain to the very margin of the stream and forces us to cross it. At such places, fortunately, the few who have preceded us have bridged the river, by felling trees over it, thus enabling us to follow in their footsteps with great advantage to ourselves. Miniature mountains of loose rocks seem to be piled on each other, still higher and higher as we advance.

About a mile and a half above the confluence of the South with the Middle Fork, we emerge from a heavy growth of timber into an open and treeless chasm, the bed of which is covered with large angular rocks, bounded on either side with vertical walls of time-worn and rain-stained granite. On the uneven tops of these, a few of the Douglas spruce trees are struggling to weather the storms and live. From this point, we obtain a fine distant view, above the tops of the lofty pines, of the Great South Dome, and also of the Pi-wy-ack Fall.

About two o'clock P. M. (if we start early) we reach the head of the cañon and the foot of the Tu-lool-we-ack Fall. The

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\*Prof. Whitney has given this fall and canyon the name of "Illilouette." Thinking, as this was a Yo Semite Indian name, that we might be in error in its proper pronunciation, we have carefully questioned the Indians concerning it; and while every one, without exception, calls it *Tu-lool-we-ack*, the name of "Illilouette" is entirely unknown among them. The difference in the pronunciation of Indian names by Americans results from the difficulty of catching and rendering the exact pronunciation of the vowels.

cañon here is suddenly terminated by an irregular, horse-shoe shaped end, the sides and circle of which, on the one side, are perpendicular, and on the other so much so as to be inaccessible without great danger of slipping, and consequently requiring great care.

This waterfall is about five hundred feet in height, which, after shooting over the precipice, meets with no obstacle to break its decent, until it nearly reaches the basin into which it falls. It is a fine sheet of water, of about the same volume as the Yo Semite (four hundred gallons per second), at the time we visited and measured it. As we had no instruments for ascertaining the altitude of the Tu-lool-we-ack, of course the above is only given as its approximate height.

Our fatiguing ascent having occupied the greater portion of the day, and the sunshine having already departed from the west side of the cañon, and as we are not prepared to pass the night here, our work and return has to be conducted with brevity and dispatch; consequently, the moment we have satisfied our minds, we had better commence the descent. On our way down, we secure another good view of Tis-sa-ack (the South Dome), from the south cañon, and which, from this point, presents a singular conical shape which is not to be seen from any other point; and arrive at our quarters at the hotel in safety just after dark, well pleased with the result of our difficult undertaking.

While discussing the viands of our much relished evening's repast (for after such a jaunt our appetites will supply the most desirable of condiments), we venture to predict that before very long the rapidly increasing travel to Yo Semite will not only call for, but justify, the expenditure of considerable sums of money by the State, or some one else, in the making of trails to open up all such points of interest as this, so that they can be visited on horseback, and consequently with so much additional pleasure. Now, it requires a strong frame, well trained by exercise, to accomplish such fatiguing undertakings. Of the

reward after success, even with the present labor, there will be no question.

It is not for us to say how many days should be spent in Yo Semite. Nor, whether there should be alternating days of activity and quiet—these must be determined by individual tastes and convenience. Experience has taught us that our capacity for enduring comfort (without complaining), united with an undying love for the beautiful, leads us occasionally to prefer luxuriating *siestas*, in the shadow of trees, day-dreaming and resting; short strolls among picturesque "little bits" of landscape; mental photograph taking of these unparalleled walls of granite; trout fishing; fruit gathering, and all such agreeable methods (as the uncontrollably active, or the unappreciative mind would suggest) of "killing time." But if the majority say let us travel—let us to-day journey

### DOWN THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE VALLEY.

On our ride down the valley, almost immediately opposite Pom-pom-pa-sus (the Three Brothers), on our left there is upon the face of the mountain a white irregular spot, from which an avalanche fell, that, although of apparently insignificant dimensions, covered several acres with its *debris*. This will readily direct the eye to a point just below it, which bears the name of "Profile Mountain." Here can readily be recognized faces of all styles. But the most noticeable fact connected with this mountain is a remarkable fissure, or notch, or slot, or whatever it may be termed, that is several hundred feet in depth, and only from three to five feet across it. But for its rounding edges, one could stand on the one side and look down into its great depth, then step across it to the other. There seems to have been a narrow stratum of soft granite here, that was constantly removed by wind, or rain, or snow, or frost, until the hard walls only remained. There is not the smallest stream of water running through it. Several good-sized boulders have dropped into it, and lodged about half way down. This fissure was discovered and photographed by Mr. E. J. Muybridge, in

1868. Is not this a miniature illustration of the theory that the great valley itself may possibly have been similarly circumstanced in the friability of its rock, and formed in the same way—by *erosion*. And here may pertinently be introduced the enquiry,

### HOW THE YO SEMITE VALLEY WAS FORMED?

Professor J. D. Whitney, is of the opinion that “the bottom of the valley sank down to an unknown depth.” Prof. B. Silliman (of Yale College) thinks that “by some great volcanic convulsion, the mountains were reft assunder, and an immense fissure formed.” The writer differs from both of these, and believes that the probabilities are altogether in favor of the theory, that the Yo Semite valley was formed by *erosion*. There can be but little doubt that throughout the entire valley there existed soft strata of granite, that became easily acted upon by air, sunlight, moisture and frost; and also, that high water (much higher than has been seen or known in many centuries), created wild torrents, that swept through these soft strata with overwhelming force, and cut out the main plan of the valley. This again was widened and deepened by vast glaciers, thousands of feet in thickness; and which, by their irresistible attrition, soon removed the talus acted upon and brought down by the elements. We have been unable to find the first trace of any other creative power than *erosion*. Besides, this agency now, as in the past, is ceaselessly at work. This can be readily seen in the numerous and frequent avalanches that occur, especially in winter, when, during heavy snow storms, there will be one, upon an average, every ten minutes. Then, there are unmistakable evidences yet remaining of the passage down the Yo Semite of immense glaciers, that have grooved and rounded its mountain walls, and thus written the fact of their existence and mission beyond peradventure.

Near here can be seen some of the effects of the great storm of Dec. 23, 1867, when the whole valley was a broad, foaming river; and rocks weighing many tons were hurled down steep

mountain torrents with terrible power; the *talus*, when washed down, filled up ravines, as you see, and buried the base of trees from two to twenty feet upward. In the meadow opposite, within eleven acres of ground, there are forty-two large pine and cedar trees piled one upon the other. We have already counted one hundred and thirty-one of those noble tenants of the valley, that were prostrated by that one single storm;—enough, if cut into lumber, to construct all improvements wanted in the valley for many years. Others shot over the Yo-Semite Fall, and after making a surging swirl or two, struck the unyielding granite; and broke into thousands of fragmentary pieces. By evidences everywhere apparent, there has been no storm to equal it during the present century.

River views; forest openings; rocky points; waterfalls; indistinct animals; heads of men and women outlined in projection, or shadow, or water stain upon the vertical walls of granite, with numerous other objects to attract and interest, are all the way to the very foot of the mountain, and up it until we can, if you please, imagine ourselves looking at

### THE VIEW FROM MOUNT BEATITUDE.

There is a truism that "Some things can be done as well as others." In our opinion a full description of this scene is not one of them. A passage in the good book says, "Eye hath not seen, neither hath ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what there is laid up in heaven for those who love and serve God." Now, without wishing to detract from the interesting inducement there so graphically pictured and offered, we simply wish to apply the language to those who have the good fortune to see Yo Semite from this stand-point. Is that satisfactory? We hope so, as we can only give a few plain facts, and leave you to "do the sublime."

Remember, we are standing on a precipice of nearly three thousand feet. The whole valley and its surroundings are unrolled before us like a map. The river below is as a ribbon of silver, seen only at intervals, winding among the trees; the

trees resembling mere shrubs. The grand old sides, and proud head, of Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah loom grandly up. Ditto the South Dome, and the Cloud's Rest, the Sentinel Dome and the Sentinel, with any number of others. In the distance are many snow-covered peaks of the Sierras, visible almost to their culminating crest. In the foreground, on our left, is the Ribbon Fall, three thousand three hundred feet above the valley; on our right is the Pohono, or Bridal Veil Fall, nine hundred and forty feet. Above and back of that stands the Three Graces, three thousand four hundred feet high. If the storm has been gathering, perhaps we can see it swoop down "on the wings of the wind" and drape the whole landscape in clouds. At times the entire valley is filled with them, piled layer above layer, stratum above stratum, to the very tops of the mountains, their edges sufficiently thin and light to allow the granite walls to be dimly revealed.

Inspiration Point stands out, and up, at a somewhat greater altitude than Mt. Beatitude, but although the view of the distant Sierras is more comprehensive, that of the valley is more limited. The general characteristics of both being similar, there is no necessity for any further remarks. Therefore let us enjoy the scene in peaceful reflection, and when we can say "enough," let us depart on our winding way, and dream of that we have seen.

On our way down we reach the new Mariposa road, from whence a fine view is obtained of the valley; of course, at a much lower stand-point, but which, on account of its impressive comprehensiveness, and near proximity to Yo Semite, has been selected, by all the leading artists, as the best general view. This should receive the name of "Artist Point," instead of "Inspiration Point,"—the latter name rightfully belonging to the one some two thousand feet higher, and two miles distant.

One of the most interesting, as well as most impressive trips around the Yo Semite Valley, is to

## GLACIER POINT AND SENTINEL DOME.

Supposing that exercise is toughening us into the endurance of almost any reasonable amount of physical fatigue, and that the great sights witnessed much more than compensate us for the toil expended in reaching them, let us set out at once for the new points above indicated—at least in imagination—for if any of us wish to see Yo Semite in its glory, from a precipice of over three thousand feet; and, by climbing to the top of the Sentinel Dome, look on nearly every prominent peak of the Sierras for a distance of fifty miles, we had better not stay behind. Leaving the hotel, our horses' feet fall on the flower-covered and beautiful, though not very fertile bottom lands of the upper part of the valley, and we thread our way through a labyrinth of oak, pine, maple, cottonwood and other trees; the mountain walls on either side throw their awe-inspiring and heavy shadows over us, and make our hearts to leap with wild emotion and new pleasure, as though we stood upon enchanted ground, and all the scenes upon which we look are the magical creations of some wonder-working genii.

"A thin mist is lying," as Mr. Tirrel so beautifully remarks, "upon the valley, and stealing up the mountain sides. The cliffs upon our left are all in deep shadow, the outline of their summits cutting darkly and strongly against the brilliant light of the unclouded sky. Great streams of sunlight come pouring through the openings in the cliffs, illuminating long, radiating belts of mist, which extend clear across the valley, and are lost among the confusion of rock and foliage forming the *debris* on the opposite side. Directly in front of us, and about three miles distant, is the South Dome, the highest mountain in the valley, as well as the boldest and most beautiful in outline. Its base is shrouded in the hazy mystery which envelops everything in the valley. Numerous little white clouds, becoming detached from this misty curtain, are sailing up the mountain side; dodging about among the projecting spurs, intruding their beautiful forms slowly into the dark caverns, puffed out



again by the eddying winds which hold possession of these gloomy recesses, and then resume their upward flight, each following the other with the precision and regularity of a fleet of white-winged yachts rounding a stake boat, and each eaten up by the other with astonishing rapidity, as they sail slowly past the angle of shadow cast across the lower half of the mountain. High above all this, in the clear bright sunshine, towers the lofty summit. Every projection and indentation, weather and water stain, fern, vine, and lichen, so clearly defined that one can almost seem to touch it." Turn where we may, objects of interest seem inexhaustible. Every new point passed, by rock or by river, has some new beauty to attract and charm us; so that even when we have left the comparatively level bottom-lands of the valley, and ascended the *debris* to a considerable height, views of the opposite walls, over the tops of the trees, reward us at every step. Ferns, mosses, flowers, and flowering shrubs, are at our side. The "shadow of a great rock" gives us its refreshing shelter.

Formerly these glorious scenes we are about to witness, were denied to the many on account of the difficulty, danger, and fatigue attending the climb, as it had to be made on foot, and up a trailless mountain side, where rocky points had to be carefully surmounted, and dense masses of shrubbery defiantly opposed the way. Still, with all the numerous obstacles impeding the journey, it was occasionally accomplished. Now, however, through the enterprise and perseverance of Mr. James McCauley, a wide, safe, easy-graded, and remarkably picturesque trail, zigzags the mountain from base to summit.

As we ascend, view after view becomes enchantingly numerous; for at almost every turning point a new one is presented, until we reach

#### "UNION POINT,"

And an elevation of 2,335 feet above the valley. Here let us dismount, and while our horses are resting and breathing, enjoy the wonderful sight. It will be seen that now we are on an

elevated flat or table, formed by nature, on the edge of the mountain from whence the whole panorama of the lower end of the Yo Semite is visible. The Sentinel, Cathedral Spires, El Capitan, Eagle Point, Yo Semite Falls, and other points of interest, with all the serpentine windings of the Merced River, are strikingly visible. Near the trail at Union Point there is a rock standing on end, like a huge ten-pin, some thirty feet in height, and eight feet in thickness. It looks as though a good strong breeze would blow it over; but which has successfully withstood both storms and earthquakes, thus far. It is known as the Agassiz Column. From here we make a detour to the eastward, on a foot trail, to

### MORAN POINT,

From whence the whole upper end of the valley, with all its sublime scenes, can be witnessed to excellent advantage. The great South Dome, Cloud's Rest, North Dome, Mirror Lake, the Tenieya cañon, and many other views, are here before us. By many, this scenic stand-point is considered the finest of them all. However that may be, it will well repay a visit. Remounting our now rested steeds, we steadily climb, filled with admiring wonder at every step as we advance, until, at last, we stand on

### GLACIER POINT.

Here we are, 3,200 feet above the valley. Before looking down, let us call attention to a somewhat noticeable projecting point, that, seen from the valley, apparently extends out some three or four feet, but which we find, when standing by it, is over thirty feet beyond the nearly vertical wall. Watkins, and other photographers, ran out to the very point of this rock, and from it took some of the finest views of the South Dome, and the country beyond, ever obtained.

Now let us advance to the margin of the precipice. We can steady ourselves by pressing against the large rock at our side; or we can lie down, and, having some one to take hold of our

fect, slide out like a snake to its utmost edge. It may make us a little nervous, perhaps, but, taking all necessary precautions, we shall find it unaccompanied with any real danger, and we shall certainly never regret that our courage was equal to the task of one good look into such an awful abyss.

The greatest of artists have almost invariably failed in portraying *depth* from a high stand-point ; and we know of no writer, living or dead, who has been any more successful than the artist. We wish, for the sake of our friends who cannot see this with their own eyes, that "the coming man" had arrived—he who would prove the exception to the rule. But, alas, he has not, as yet, made his appearance. No "trumpet of fame" announces the gratifying fact of his approach. "Under these distressing circumstances," as the pathetic novelist would say, "we are prepared to wait ;" and looking down with our own common-place eyes, "see what we shall see."

Large trees, two hundred feet high, are dwarfed to utter insignificance. The little checker-board like spot first noticed, is Lamon's apple orchard of four acres, and which contains over five hundred trees, each of which are twenty feet apart. The other cultivated point beyond, formed by the junction of Tenieya Creek with the Merced River, is Lamon's other orchard, and fruit and vegetable garden. The bright speck which throws out its silvery sheen in that deep, tree-dotted cañon, is Mirror Lake. While the South Dome, apparently forever omnipresent in any scene near or within the valley, overshadows and eclipses every lesser wonder by monopolizing a large share of our admiration and attention. Elsewhere, the North Dome, Cloud's Rest, Cap of Liberty, Mount Star King, Yo Semite, and other prominent objects here visible, would have their due effect ; but, although at this altitude and position they differ altogether in outline and conformation, the South Dome stands, pre-eminently, king over all.

On the right of this "monarch," in the deep gorge of the river, the magnificent Nevada Fall, Diamond Flume, Silver Apron, and Vernal Fall, with the foaming cataract of the Merced, all flash

out their silvery sheen most gloriously; while mountains piled on mountains, in every conceivable shape, stand guard on every side. But to see these, and other points, to advantage, let us ascend the now easily reached

### SENTINEL DOME.

This is 4,125 feet above Yo Semite. Had this lofty dome been "scalped" by some tornado it could have scarcely shown less vegetation; for, with the exception of one or two stunted and deformed storm-beaten pines, whose solitary and exposed condition almost excite our sympathy, there is scarcely a vestige of a living thing upon it; but almost every failing has some virtue to counterbalance it, and often among the meanest of men. It is thus with this point; for if it has no trees to clothe and to beautify, it certainly has none to obstruct, or circumscribe, the limit of our vision.

Before us lies the very backbone—so to speak—of the Sierra Nevadas; and, although some thirty miles distant, and every prominent peak distinctly visible for fifty miles, it seems almost near enough for us to stretch our hands and touch it. Its vertebræ, however, besides being very uneven, has altitudes upon it exceeding thirteen thousand feet above the sea; and in its sheltered hollows immense banks of snow are eternally sleeping. The following are some of the most noteworthy mountains seen from this stand-point, as also from Eagle Point—the highest of the Three Brothers. Mt. Hoffman, 10,900 feet above sea level; Mt. Tuolumne, 11,000; Cathedral Peak, 11,200; Mt. Dana, 13,260; Mt. Lyell, 13,370; Castle Peak, 12,500; Gothic Peak, 11,000; Mt. Starr King, 9,600; South Dome, 9,000, and Cloud's Rest 9,700 feet. There are numerous others visible, which, although both high and prominent, are as yet nameless.

Did time permit us we might profitably tarry here for hours, or even days, as new beauties would be opening, and strange forms made manifest on every side. Before leaving, however, let us look once more down into the valley, as the haze-draped

vertical walls of Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah can be seen from base to summit. The Yo Semite, too, with the country above it through which it runs, before making its wonderful leap—its bare ridges, singular groups of rocks, forest-clothed heads of ravines, up to its source at Mt. Hoffman, are all spread beneath us—for, remember, we are over one thousand feet above the top of Yo Semite Fall. Stretching far away to the west we can look upon the broad valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento, and distinctly see the Coast Range near the Golden Gate. But, the rapidly declining sun admonishes us to return; so, let us not tempt the danger that will lurk in our path, if we have to descend any portion of the way in the dark.

Before taking our farewell of this locality, it is proper to remark that there is a picturesque trail that connects Glacier Point with the Little Yo Semite valley, and thence to Snows. Indeed the trails meeting in the Little Yo Semite valley, enable tourists to cross the High Sierra if they wish, and visit Mono Lake and other places east of the chain. There is also the old trail to Peregoy's that is sometimes used, to connect with the Mariposa turnpike, for those who prefer to go there, on horseback.

### VISIT TO THE TOP OF THE UPPER YO SEMITE.

Those who walk past and look up at the great Yo-Semite Fall, as it shoots out over the precipice its four hundred gallons every second during the early melting of the snows above; or watch the gauzy clouds that float below its summit, feel an indefinable longing to stand upon, and look down from the top of, the mountain walls that encompass this valley; to examine the surrounding country above, and measure the width and depth of the Yo Semite Creek below. Accordingly, let us repair to the foot of an almost inaccessible mountain gorge, named Indian Cañon, situated about a quarter of a mile to the east of the Yo Semite Falls, and nearly opposite to the upper hotel, for the purpose of making the ascent. This, also, is a fatiguing and difficult task, that few have ever undertaken, although the

writer had a horse trail built up it to open up many sublime scenes of which this is the key—since neglected, and now impassable for horses.

In order the better to insure our success, we must start early in the morning. The day may prove to be very warm; yet, after fairly entering the cañon, the trees and shrubs that grow between the rocks, afford us a very grateful shelter, for a quarter of the distance up, when the almost vertical mountain side on our right throws its refreshing shadow across the ascent, for the greater portion of the remaining distance.

Thus protected, we climb over, creep beneath, or walk around, the huge boulders that form the bed of the gorge; and which, owing to their immense size, frequently compel us to make a detour in the sun to avoid them, and to seek as easy an ascent as possible in the accomplishment of this, our excessively fatiguing task.

A cascade of considerable volume is leaping over this, dashing past that, rushing between these, and gurgling among those rocks, affording us gratuitous music, and drink, as we climb. Large pine trees that lay across the cañon, during the rapid melting of the snow, have been lifted up and tossed, like a skiff by an angry sea, to the top of some huge rocks, and there left. Onward and upward we toil, the perspiration rolling from our brows; but we are cheered and rewarded by the increasing novelty and beauty of the scenes that are momentarily opening to our view as we ascend.

About noon we can reach the summit of the mountain. It is impossible to describe the magnificent panorama that is here spread out before us. Deep, deep below, in peaceful repose, sleeps the valley; its carpet of green cut up by sheets of standing water, and small brooks that run down from every ravine and gorge, while the serpentine course of the river resembles a huge silver ribbon, as its sheen flashes in the sun. On its banks, and at the foot of the mountains around, groves of pine trees, two hundred feet in height, look like mere weeds.

All the hollows of the main chain of the Sierras, stretching to the eastward and southward, apparently but a few miles distant, are filled with snow, above and out of which sharp and bare saw-like peaks of rocks rise, well defined, against the clear blue sky. The South Dome from this elevation, as from the valley, is the grandest of all the objects in sight; a conical mountain beyond, and known as Mount Starr King, a little to the south of the South Dome, is apparently as high; but few points, even of the summits of the Sierras, seem to be higher than it.

The bare, smooth granite top of this mountain upon which we stand, and the stunted and storm-beaten pines that struggle for existence and sustenance in the seams of the rock, with other scenes equally unprepossessing, present a view of savage sterility and dreariness that is in striking contrast with the productive fertility of the lands below, or the heavily timbered forests through which we pass on our way to the valley.

From this ridge, which most probably is not less than 3,500 feet above the valley, we descend nearly 1,000 feet, at an easy grade, to the Yo Semite Creek. The current of this stream, for half a mile above the edge of the falls, runs at the rate of about eight knots an hour. Upon careful measurement with a line, we find it to be thirty-four and a half feet in width, with an average depth of twelve inches. The gray granite rock over which it runs is very hard, and as smooth as a sheet of ice; to tread which in safety, great care is needed, or before one is aware of it, he will find his head where his feet should be, and the force of the current sweeping him over the falls. For about one hundred and fifty feet from the upper lip of the fall, the descent becomes much more rapid, and by benches of several feet in depth; but by carefully feeling one's way, so to speak, when the water is low, (at no other time) the slippery surface can be trodden with safety, to within about twenty feet of the top; here even by lying down, a sharp-edged seam enables us to hold on, until we can slide with our bodies to a small basin,

and then creep out to the very margin of the abyss, and look down into it. At this point our measurement made the height 2,640 feet above the valley.

When, on our return, we have reached the top of the ridge before mentioned, and again see the wonders and glories that are beyond us, all that we seem to wish or hope for is the possession of a single pound of bread, or any other edible; and after building us a fire, by which to sleep for the night without blankets, that we may pursue our interesting explorations to a more satisfactory close on the morrow.

We must not allow this charming spot to detain us too long, however, as the descent will probably keep us busy for at least three hours; and as the uneven character of our pathless way down the cañon, will be attended with both difficulty and danger after dark, a liberal allowance of time will be a good investment. Therefore, let us say, "off."

#### VISIT TO THE BASE OF THE UPPER YO SEMITE.

Every sight worth seeing, with a knowledge how to see it, should be known to every visitor. It does not follow that because each one is thus pointed out, and its attractions mentioned, that every one has the strength, or the wish, or the time to go to see it. That must be determined according to mental or bodily condition, and other contingencies. After journeying so far, all other considerations permitting, it will be well that as many scenes of beauty, or of singularity, or of majesty, should be witnessed, as may be possible. There are but few more astonishing and impressive than the one to the foot of the Yo Semite Fall; and through the energy of Mr. John Conway a good trail offers the opportunity of riding nearly all the way up. Therefore, hoping that "circumstances," over which we are supposed to have some control, are on our side, let us make the attempt.

As we ascend, the gardens, trees, bridges, river, houses, and farm-buildings; the diminutive cattle and horses, and men and women, all seem smaller; while the walls that surround us



appear larger and higher, and more weird-like and wonderful.

Let us not linger, however, but, threading our way upward, among stunted live oaks, and manzanita bushes, that grow in the debris of the mountain, make our way towards the goal until we have reached it, and stand, awed, in the immediate presence of such untold and bewildering majesty as that now rewarding our toil. Alas ! who can describe it ? Who tell of its glories, its wonders, its beauties ? A simple, realizing idea merely, is almost next to impossible.

The fall, very naturally, first attracts our attention. That it is an avalanche of water about to bury us up, or sweep us into the abyss beneath, is the apparently irresistible first impression. By degrees we take courage, and, climbing the watery mass with our eye, discern its remarkable changes and forms. Now it would seem that numerous bands of fun-loving fairies have undisputed possession, each of whom had set out for a frolic; and, assuming the shape of a watery rocket, have entered the fall; and, after making the leap, are now playing "hide-and-seek" with each other; now chasing, now catching; then, with retreating surprises, disappearing from view, and re-forming, or changing, shoot again into sight. While the wind, as if shocked at such playful irreverence, takes hold of the white diamond mass, and lifts it aside like a curtain; when each rocket-formed fairy, leaping down from its folds, disappears from our eyes and becomes lost among rainbows, and clouds.

The first great vertical leap of this fall is sixteen hundred feet—the highest in any portion of the globe yet known to man. The wall of granite at its back, although less than half the height of Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, is scarcely less impressive when we stand almost immediately beneath it. The pine-tree that grows at the top of the shrubby point, east of the stream, although apparently but a mere speck, is one hundred and twenty-five feet in height.

During the winter large quantities of ice form each night at the sides of the fall, and being immediately opposite the east,

the rays of the morning sun soon loosen them, when they fall with a loud boom, and the opposite walls catch and re-echo the sound until the whole valley seems filled with its reverberating peals.

This is not all. The descending water, by displacing the air around it, creates an immense vacuum, and the atmosphere above, for a large circumference, rushing in to fill it, makes almost a tornado in its immediate circle. The result is, that when snow is falling, it is drawn from quite a distance into this vacuum, and uniting with the ice deposited at the foot of the fall, forms an immense depth of congealed snow and ice, of from three hundred to four hundred feet. When the spring thaw commences in good earnest, the large stream played from above upon that mass of ice, soon wears out a funnel-shaped hollow, into which it falls; and, after striking, bounds upward from five hundred to seven hundred feet, filling the whole space at the left with heavy clouds of spray. The sun, shining upon these, paints them with all the colors of the rainbow; and when one gust of spray drives stronger than another into this beautiful mass, the colors are made to run and intermix, until the whole scene is, beyond description, one of the most gorgeous and overpowering.

Beneath the upper fall, there is a cave, of some thirty-five or forty feet in depth, from its face. Some few persons, more venturesome than prudent, have run into this when the wind has lifted the entire body of falling water to one side. But it is a "risky" experiment; for, in addition to the danger of its returning to its vertical position, thus cutting off all chances of retreat, the whole cave is densely filled with comminuted spray, which renders breathing almost impossible.

The top of the fall can be reached by the steep cañon on the west; but owing to a dense growth of shrubbery, bent forward and downward by winter snows, its ascent would be attended with difficulty, and perhaps with sundry rendings of the garments, if not of the heart! Still this has been several times

successfully accomplished by enterprising tourists ; when, after crossing Yo Semite above the fall, they have returned to the valley by Indian Cañon.

### A NEW HEALTH RESTORATIVE.

How many days—or weeks—or even months—could be well spent in Yo Semite, it would be difficult to determine. Hhurried visits like those we are making only give glimpses, and foretastes, of a few of its wonderful sights. Quiet, rest-giving rides, with intervals of physical toil, should give us all time to *feel*, as well as to *see*, its infinite glories, and beauties, and wonders. The health-giving properties of such experiences would, in untold instances, renew the apparently short lease of life vouchsafed to many. The comfortably bracing atmosphere, and the pure delicious water, united with the sublime scenery, would be the magical genii of their cure.

Charles Brace, in his valuable work, “The New West,” thus graphically writes :—

“From the hotel there are excursions enough to occupy one for weeks among the beautiful scenes of the valley. Each morning the guide saddles the horses—which have been turned loose in the mountain pasture—and fastens them in front of the house ; and after lunch has been packed, we set off in different directions, to see the famous points and objects. One of the most enjoyable features of the excursion is simply riding up and down the valley, getting the new aspects, which open freshly every half mile, and are different every hour of the day. The wonderful thing about the cañon, which will hereafter draw many an invalid here from distant lands, is its divine atmosphere. To me, just recovering from a tedious fever, it seemed the very elixir of life—cool, clear, stimulating, and filled with light and glory from the sun of the south, which here never seems in summer to have a cloud. The nights are cool, but midday would be too warm, were it not for the delicious sea-breeze which every day at 11 blows in from the Golden Gate, a hundred and fifty miles away. The gorge is

fortunately east and west just about opposite to San Francisco, and about midway between the two flanks of the Sierras—here some seventy miles in width. Were it a north and south valley, even at its altitude, (4,000 feet), it would be almost intolerable. Now nothing can surpass its mild, invigorating climate, and harmonious atmosphere. Life seems to have a new spring and hope under it. The charm of the wonderful valley is its cheerfulness and joy. Even the awe-inspiring grandeur and majesty of its features do not overwhelm the sense of its exquisite beauty, its wonderful delicacy, and color, and life, and joy.

“As I recall those rides in the fresh morning, or the dreamy noon, that scene of unequalled grandeur and beauty is forever stamped on my memory, to remain when all other scenes of earth have passed from remembrance—the pearly gray and purple precipices, awful in mass, far above one, with deep shadows on their rugged surfaces, dark lines of gigantic archways or fantastic images drawn clearly upon them, the bright white water dashing over the distant gray tops seen against the dark blue of the unfathomable sky, the heavy shadows over the valley from the mighty peaks, the winding stream and peaceful green sward with gay wild flowers below, the snowy summits of the Sierras far away, the atmosphere of glory illuminating all, and the eternal voice of many waters wherever you walk or rest! This is the Yo Semite in memory!

“I have been thinking much of scenes in Norway, Tyrol and Switzerland, with which to compare this. Switzerland, as a whole, is much superior in combinations and variety of features to the Sierra region. But there is no one scene in Switzerland, or the other parts of mountainous Europe, which can at all equal this Californian valley. The Swiss scene has the advantage in the superb glaciers, which flow into the upper end of the valley, but it is inferior in grandeur and even in life, to the Californian. The latter having immensely grander precipices, and instead of one waterfall—the Staubbach—a dozen, on a much grander scale.”

An English gentleman, a member of the celebrated Alpine Club, spent seventeen days in Yo Semite, and upon leaving, he remarked to the writer. "I never left a place with so much pleasurable regret in my life. I have several times visited all the noted places in Europe, and many that are out of the ordinary tourist's round. I have crossed the Andes in three different places, and been conducted to the sights considered most remarkable—I have been among the charming scenery of the Sandwich Islands, and the mountain districts of Australia, but never have I seen so much of sublime grandeur, relieved by so much beauty, as that which I have witnessed in Yo Semite."

The following is the Table of Elevations of Localities above Sea Level, on the way to the Yo Semite Valley and Big Tree Groves.

Niles.....	148	Lathrop.....	46
Livermore.....	520	Stockton.....	46
Altamont.....	690		

#### Via Milton and Calaveras Big Trees.

Peters.....	110	Murphy's Camp.....	2,284
Milton.....	340	Calaveras Big Tree Grove.....	4,385
Reservoir House.....	950	Lower End South Grove.....	4,635
Bald Mountain Pass.....	1,810	Upper End South Grove.....	5,115
Gibson's Station.....	1,600	Sonora, (about).....	2,000
Altaville.....	1,500	Chinese Camp.....	1,230

#### Via Milton to Yo Semite.

Copperopolis.....	945	Ridge just east of Garrote.....	2,950
Stanislaus Bridge.....	475	Big Creek.....	2,550
Goodwin's — Table Mountain		Sprague's Ranch.....	2,790
Pass.....	1,050	Elwell's.....	3,145
Ridge near Chinese Camp.....	1,320	Hardin's Ridge.....	3,520
Jacksonville.....	690	Stewart's.....	3,775
Newhall and Culbertson Vine-		Hodgdon's.....	4,560
yard.....	930	Tuolumne Big Tree Grove.....	5,600
Priest's.....	2,330	Crane Flat.....	6,130
Big Oak Flat.....	2,650	Summit of Ridge on Road.....	7,040
Groveland.....	2,675	Tamarack Flat.....	6,220
Second Garrote.....	2,885	Yo Semite Valley.....	4,000

#### Via Merced to Yo Semite.

Modesto.....	85	Coulterville.....	1,900
Turlock.....	120	Dudley's.....	3,000
Merced.....	215	Bower Cave.....	2,530
Half Way House.....	235	Hazle Green.....	5,750
Snelling's.....	190	Highest Point on Road.....	6,085
Lebright's.....	1,400	Merced Grove Big Trees.....	5,650
Summit of Ridge W of Coul-		Big Meadow.....	4,730
terville.....	2,320	Cascade Creek on Merced river	3,500

# TABLE OF ALTITUDES AT, AND AROUND, YO SEMITE VALLEY.

## WATERFALLS.

INDIAN NAME.	SIGNIFICATION.	AMERICAN NAME.	HEIGHT ABOVE VAL.
Po-ho-no.....	Spirit of the Evil Wind.....	Bridal Veil Fall.....	840
Lang-oo-too-koo-ya.....	Long and Slender.....	Ribbon Fall.....	3,300
Yo Semite.....	Large Grizzly Bear.....	Yo Semite Fall.....	2,634
	First Fall, 1,600 feet; Second Fall or Cataract, 531 feet; Third Fall, 500 feet.		
Pl-wy-ack.....	Cataract of Diamonds.....	Vernal Fall (above base).....	350
Yo-wi-ye.....	Mandering.....	Nevada Fall ".....	700
Too-lool-we-ack.....	Rushing Water.....	South Cañon Fall ".....	610
Loyb.....	A Medicinal Shrub.....	Sentinel Cascade.....	4,270
To-oo-y-w.....	Shade to Baby Cradle-Basket.....	Royal Arch Fall.....	2,000

## MOUNTAINS.

Ti-sa-ack.....	Goddess of the Valley.....	South Dome.....	5,010
To-oy-se.....	Shade to Baby Cradle-Basket.....	Cloud's Rest.....	6,160
Hanto.....	The Watching Eye.....	North Dome.....	4,735
Mah-ta.....	Mary's Mountain.....	Washington Tower.....	2,000
		Cap of Liberty (above base, 2,000 feet).....	3,100
Er-na-ting Law-oo-too.....	Bear Skin Mountain.....	Union Point.....	2,335
Loya.....	A Medicinal Shrub.....	Glacier Point.....	3,100
Poo-see-nah Chuuk-ka.....	Large Acorn Storehouse.....	The Sentinel.....	3,100
Ko-seo-kong.....		Cathedral Spire.....	2,200
		Three Grasses.....	3,400
		Inspiration Point.....	3,100
		Mt. Beatitude.....	2,500
Ta-teck-sh-na-lah.....	Semi-Deity and Great Chief of the Valley El Capitan.....	Artist Point.....	800
Pom-pom-pa-sus.....	Mountains playing Leap Frog.....	Three Brothers.....	3,300
Hum-moo.....	Lost Arrow.....	Yo Semite Point.....	3,175

## Mountains.—(Continued.)

	HEIGHT ABOVE VALLEY.
Eagle point, (highest of Three Brothers).....	3,900
Eagle Meadow .....	3,460
Eagle Tower .....	3,440
Yo Semite Tower.....	3,360
Upper Edge of Yo Semite Fall.....	2,610
Anderson's Cabin .....	2,495
Foot of South Dome (Shoulder to Lower Dome).....	2,945
Crown of Shoulder.....	4,720
Summit of South Dome .....	5,010
Snow's Hotel .....	1,450
Sentinel Dome.....	4,125

## Altitudes above, or Easterly of Yo Semite Valley.

	FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
Camp Ground, Mt. Hoffman.....	9,525
Summit Mt. Hoffman .....	10,900
Mt. Tuolumne .....	11,000
Soda Springs, Tuolumne Valley.....	8,750
Camp Grounds for Mt. Dana.....	9,830
Saddle (between Mts. Dana and Gibbs) .....	11,740
Mt. Gibbs, (by leveling across).....	13,090
Mt. Dana.....	13,260
Camp grounds for Mt. Lyell.....	9,280
Mt. Lyell.....	13,370
White Mountains, (by leveling across).....	11,920
Mt. Ritter, (by leveling across) .....	13,470
Echo Lake .....	10,320
Echo Peak .....	11,430
Temple Peak .....	11,200
Cathedral Peak.....	11,200
Cathedral Lake.....	9,720
Gothic Peak, (Mt. Clark) .....	11,200
Mount Starr King .....	9,900

## GENERAL REMARKS.

Through the efficiency of private enterprise, three excellent wagon roads have been completed to the valley, and trails constructed to picturesque points that were formerly inaccessible on horseback. To these should be added a new carriage road to Mirror Lake. There are three comfortable hotels; two stores for general merchandise; two livery stables; carpenter, blacksmith, and two barber shops; two saloons; two bathing establishments; a seed store; and, though last, not least, a studio of Yo Semite woods in cabinet work.

## VALEDICTORY.

It is much to be regretted that the tourist should limit himself to so brief a sojourn in this wonderful valley—generally about four days, when it should have been fourteen at least—for, after he has left its sublime solitudes; its numerous waterfalls and brooklets; its picturesque river scenes; its groups of shrubs and trees; its endless variety of wild flowers and ferns; its bold, rugged, awe-inspiring, pine-studded and snow-covered crags, and mountain heights, with all their ever-changing shadows, and haze, and curious shapes; and its health-giving and invigorating climate; with all its thousand nameless charms, that would have given pleasurable occupation, and grateful variety to every class and condition, both to body and mind, for months; he is apt when away to contrast that which he saw, with that he might have seen, and becomes a little disappointed in his course in spending so much time, as well as money, in traveling there, and then riding off without seeing more than a modicum of its remarkable scenes.

Then, when it is remembered that in the immediate proximity to the Yo Semite there are lofty peaks, and scenes as wild and wonderful, in their way, as the valley itself, while being utterly unlike it; with an atmosphere so exhillarating and strengthening, that one can feel it penetrate almost to the very marrow of his bones; giving such strength, vitality, and elasticity, that those whose lamp of life is burning low, from physical or mental exhaustion, could obtain a new lease of life; and that, too, while in constant communion with God's glorious creations.

Wishing all a pleasant journey, with none but joyous memories of their trip, we bid each agreeable companion a reluctant "good-by;" and in the simple, yet expressive language of "Tiny Tim's" loving toast, say, "God bless us every one!"

*M. J. P.*













